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THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

THE band at the Glasgow banquet which saluted Lord Palmerston's health the other evening with the appropriate air of "The Fine Old English Gentleman," could not have more fitly expressed the sentiments of the English nation about him. His political career has been an eventful one. He has dealt with world-wide questions, and, like a modern cosmopolite, has visited many cities, and learnt the dispositions of many men. He has seen in this country alone a somewhat stubborn Constitution ripen gradually, under the influence of wise legislation, into orderly and sober freedom. Abroad, under his very eyes, events no less important have taken place,—thrones have been swept away, republics dissolved, frontiers revised, and nations summoned into new life from a sleep of centuries. Most things in Europe have changed or passed away, except Lord Palmerston. He still remains—too old now to be the Pericles, too lively to be the Nestor of his age. Foreign spectators, astonished at his undiminished power and popularity, may well ask themselves what can be the secret of so great a success? What school has Lord Palmerston founded in politics? On what band of trained disciples will he let his mantle fall? What principle does he represent, and to what mast does he nail his colours? Other statesmen in this country have some political creed, of which they are either the apostles or the votaries. Lord Palmerston seems to have neither creed nor crotchet. He is not a human Blue-book wrapt in a Roman toga, like Sir Cornwall Lewis. His dreams are no mixture of Mediæval hymns and cheap French wines, like the dreams of Mr. Gladstone. He is not half a philosophical churchwarden and half a Caucasian mystery, like Mr. Disraeli. Unlike Lord Derby, he is no consummate orator, nor is he the British farmer's imaginary friend. Lord Russell writes State papers, probably, with greater satisfaction to himself; Mr. Cobden is a clearer reasoner; and Mr. Bright entertains a more sure and certain hope of a future political millennium. In spite of all this, and very likely on account of all this, Lord Palmerston reigns supreme in the affections of the British public, and has become the one man above all others whom John Bull delights to honour.

Beyond all question, the new Lord Rector of Glasgow University has personal talents and qualities of which his country may be proud. His genial temper, his unfailing readiness and wit, his courage and resolution, his fidelity to his friends, his energetic habits of business and his love of pleasure, his accomplished scholarship, and his happy combination of astuteness and common sense, would make him a conspicuous character, even if he had never been the terror of Europe as a Foreign Minister or held the first place in an English govern-

ment for years. At a time of life when other men are fond of resting on their oars, Lord Palmerston displays the physical energy, not so much of green old age as of mature and ripened manhood. Night after night he is at his post in Parliament, ready to answer and to be answered. No eye is keener to disconcert a political intrigue; from no tongue more merrily comes the happy repartee or the apposite quotation. Old age seems to stand aside, and to be waiting till Lord Palmerston is ready to grow old. But beyond all this the Prime Minister of England possesses a deep political instinct that leads him to understand completely the wants and the wishes of the English nation at this particular time. An experience longer than that which is vouchsafed to ordinary men has taught him the great lesson, that a statesman, to be popular, must represent the foibles as well as the virtues of his countrymen. Lord Palmerston has now attained to the pinnacle of all English ambition—he has achieved a political reputation; he has nothing to gain beyond what is his already, and he is in a fit position to be the leader of a nation which desires nothing except to enjoy the blessings that Providence has given it. All that a statesman at such a period has to do is to swim quietly down the stream. A philosopher with a system or a creed might not be content with so simple a course. He would be for converting or instructing or dazzling the world. But all the philosophy to which the Premier lays claim is a gentle political Epicureanism. He is in no hurry to rise from the banquet so long as he is allowed to sit there still—*conviva satur*. He feels no call to make war for ideas or to resettle Europe. All that he asks is that Europe should be quiet, and that England should be left alone. When the present is enjoyable and tranquil, none but a restless and unsatisfied adventurer will push off into the uncertain sea of the future which he cannot fathom. Lord Palmerston does not feel that there are yet other shores to visit before life closes. He has had enough of action, and some at least of the veteran Whig mariners that sit grouped around Ulysses have had enough of action also; nor need they apprehend that the adventurous order will issue from the Treasury benches which proceeded from the wayworn voyager of old :—

"Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars before I die."

This satisfied and unadventurous spirit of Lord Palmerston happens at this particular period to suit the country, and perhaps itself exercises some little influence on the minds of Englishmen. *Quæta non movere* is the motto that expresses best the prevailing sentiment as to home politics. As to foreign matters, the public asks only for two things—

that the honour of the country should be maintained, and that, if possible, we should be kept out of war. Both of these advantages Lord Palmerston, better than any other can secure. "Noli me tangere"—"Nemo me impune lacessit," as he told the Glasgow students this week, are his ideas of a foreign policy. Lord Palmerston is at present well astride of the British Lion. This shows in some degree his political capacity—for the back of the British Lion is a seat that belongs by tradition to the Conservative party. Mr. Disraeli and his party cannot exactly grumble at seeing the Premier so mounted,—he is only riding too wisely and too well,—and all that is left for them is to bite their nails and to hope to Heaven that something or other may induce him before long to get off again and to let them get on. A spirited foreign policy is the peculiar recipe which has hitherto been sold in the Tory market. The Opposition see with dismay that the article has fallen into the hands of an unprincipled Whig druggist, who sells it labelled with their own indubitable trade-stamp, which represents the British Lion on his hind-legs, growling at the universe. They may well feel that this is not fair. To have to play Opposition to such a Ministerial policy is like playing "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out. In discharging the second half of his programme Lord Palmerston is equally felicitous. Under his guidance it is probable that we shall enjoy peace so long as peace is possible. Something may be attributed to the mysterious influence of his name abroad—something is certainly due to his unparalleled astuteness in keeping the royal vessel of the State out of troubled waters.

A cynical critic might object that, if this is Lord Palmerston's policy, it is at best ephemeral, and that his remedy for all political diseases will expire with the great physician. The English political Abernethy has no advice to offer as to the general conduct of affairs, except to consult Abernethy himself. He founds, as we have said, no school, no system, no idea. This is, in truth and in reality, the weak part of the Palmerston régime. Lord Palmerston's secret of cookery lies in a touch of the hand, a sweep of the arm, a lightness of hand, which he would be incapable himself of teaching to a successor; and the art of making the savoury omelettes that the English palate loves will sink into the grave with its most accomplished practitioner. Alexander has no heir, and his empire must be divided among his greatest generals. When nature withdraws from us the statesman in whom the country has such confidence, it is difficult to foresee what will ensue, but we may predict that the period that follows will be a stormier one than we could wish. The winds will again begin to rise which his ingenuity has laid, and the voices of the tempest will make themselves heard. It is, on the one hand, Lord Palmerston's weakness that he can transmit to nobody sound rules for government, or an enlightened code of ideas for the future. On the other hand, the prospect of an unwelcome future, in which distant and shadowy figures may almost be seen standing and battling over his grave, renders a nation that is not anxious for political contest, thankful and happy to see the present Prime Minister retain the vigour and intellect of his best years.

AMERICAN COMPLAINTS OF ENGLAND.

THE exacting vanity even of American patriotism ought to be satisfied with the space which their affairs fill in the eyes of the world, and especially of England. They furnish the most exciting debates that take place in our Houses of Parliament, and occupy a greater number of columns in our journals than any other set of questions either of foreign or domestic interest. Chambers of Commerce talk of little else; merchants look with more constant and deep anxiety across the Atlantic than to any of our own colonies or to our vast Indian empire and Chinese connections; and public meetings are incessantly called to get up the steam on the involved topics of Democracy and negro slavery, which steam, though often artificial and suspicious, is by no means insignificant in amount. The same week saw, in addition to countless leading articles and letters in large type on American affairs, the House of Commons discussion on the *Alabama* and Mr. Bright's Yankee speech to the Trades' Unions. We have a few words to say on the general questions involved in both.

As to the *Alabama*, it is much to be regretted that matters of detail as to time and purely legal technicalities

were permitted so much to divert attention from the real political and moral questions at issue. It is just possible that the words of the Foreign Enlistment Act may be so construed as to bring the *Alabama* within its scope as a vessel "fitted out" or "furnished" as a vessel of war, though we cannot agree in such construction. It is just possible that the law officers of the Crown were a few hours slower than they need have been in deciding that a case was made out which would have warranted her seizure, and that Earl Russell did not dispatch to them the evidence that was laid before him with the utmost conceivable rapidity,—though we are not disposed to concede either supposition except for the sake of argument. It may even be that the solicitor to the Customs was wrong and the Solicitor-General right in holding that there was ample *prima facie* evidence of an intended violation of the municipal law,—though even this is very questionable. It may be argued, finally, that the Board of Customs might and should have seized the ship on the depositions tendered to them, without waiting for the decision of the lawyers and directions from the Treasury or Foreign Office; though they would have incurred a grave responsibility by such spontaneous action, and (judging by past experience) would have subjected themselves to be mulcted in heavy damages. We are not careful to answer in this matter. The question really before the world for consideration as between this country and the United States, and still more, perhaps, between our Government and the Government at Washington, is this:—With what show of decency or justice can the Federals complain of us for selling ships and stores of war to the Confederates, and ask us to abstain from doing so? And why should we act with the slightest degree of favour or partiality to either belligerent? Why—to use Mr. Bright's phrase—should we, as proclaimed and resolute neutrals, afford a "warm and cordial" neutrality to the North, and only "a cold and unfriendly" neutrality to the South? What right and what motive can we have for this different behaviour, which the Yankees so urgently demand, and which Mr. Bright so strenuously urges?

Is there, in the eye of reason or fair play, the least difference between selling a ship to the Northerners, which, as soon as she arrives at New York and Boston, is freighted with troops and stores, and sent down to join the blockading squadron, and selling a ship to the Confederates, which, as soon as she reaches Terceira, receives guns and ammunition, and goes forth to cruise against Northern commerce? Clearly none. Yet the first proceeding had been repeated over and over again months before either the *Oreto* or the *Alabama* left the Mersey. Can any distinction—beyond a purely technical one, arising out of a municipal law—be alleged between selling to one party a commodity called an "Armstrong gun," to be used in mowing down Confederate troops, and selling to the other a commodity called a "steam-ship," to be used in preying upon Federal merchant vessels? Clearly none. Yet half the arms with which the Northerners have been enabled to slaughter their enemies have been furnished by this country; and, so far as we know, Jefferson Davis has never remonstrated or charged us with illegal and unfriendly practices. With what colour or consistency of logic can Mr. Seward complain that his antagonists have been able to purchase one formidable weapon of war in Liverpool, when he and his Government have purchased rifles by the hundred thousand and percussion caps by the million? How can even his subtlety draw a distinction which will hold water—or, to use his friend's phrase, of which "the bottom will not fall out"—between selling a ship already built, and building a ship to order? Finally, ought not the complaints of the Washington Government, in reference to all such cases as the *Alabama*, to be silenced for ever, now that we have heard from Mr. Laird that *that very same Government applied to that very same merchant to build for them half a dozen Alabamas*, and that their order was only declined on the ground of time? It now appears that it was by the purest accident that similar vessels of war were not building at the same moment, in the same river, and almost in the same yards, for both belligerents. But the Confederates chanced to be beforehand with their contracts, and the United States, finding that they could not get their own cruisers out, insisted on our stopping the cruisers of their more lucky rival, and threaten us with eternal hatred and savage vengeance because we have not done so. Is not this proceeding ingloriously like that of the little boys who, when disappointed of obtaining a seat on

the foot-board of a carriage, call out "Whip behind," out of spite to their more fortunate competitors?

But Mr. Bright meets all these criticisms in the face, in his usual direct and manly way, and avows that we ought not to deal out either equal conduct or impartial feeling to the two belligerents, and that while nominally neutral we should in reality favour the North as far as in decency we can. Why should we show this inequality? Why should we give to the one party only the barest letter of what by international law he is entitled to demand, while awarding to the other the utmost measure of what by international law we are permitted to concede? We have never heard any even plausible answer given to these questions, which yet are eminently both pertinent and pressing. Is the plea founded on our Anti-slavery predilections? But both parties, as has been repeatedly proved, are equally far from our view of the negroes, and from feeling our anxiety for negro welfare. The social system of the South is based upon slavery—which, in our opinion, is detestable and deplorable—a great wrong done to the black man, a terrible evil entailed upon the white man. But personally the Northerner hates the negro more than does the Southerner, and is not one whit kinder to him. The one keeps him in slavery; the other forbids him the privileges of freedom. The one treats him as an inferior and a chattel; the other repels him as at once an inferior, an alien, and a nuisance. Both parties regard him with sentiments which to Englishmen are almost equally offensive. And so far as the great aim of ultimate and beneficent emancipation is concerned, a severance of the Union, as we have often shown, offers better prospects to the negro than either the subjugation of the South, or its re-incorporation on the terms of promised compromise.

Ought we to favour the North because of our superior sympathy with their special institutions and the tone and temper of their Democracy? On the contrary, apart from the slave question, our political harmonies and predilections would lie in the opposite direction. We are not naturally great lovers of Democracy; and has Democracy of late shone forth so purely or brilliantly in the United States as to lead us to love it more? Our national feelings invariably go, *ceteris paribus*, with the weaker party in a strife, especially when the weaker party has shown the nobler qualities and has fought the more gallant fight. Is our partiality claimed on the ground that the North has been more courteous in its conduct, more anxious for our friendship, more careful to avoid insult, to respect our rights, to guard against wounding our susceptibilities, to inflict upon us as little injury as possible, and to repair and atone for accidental inflictions as promptly as it could? Has not the very reverse of all this been closer to the truth? Have not the despatches of the Washington Government been full of captiousness? Has not the language of their papers and their public meetings been full of insult? Has not that insult been echoed even by their ambassadors and high officials? Have not their naval officers always pressed to the utmost extent their belligerent rights against us and our commerce, and in more than one memorable instance transgressed the boundary line both of law and decency? And is not the severest calamity under which the British Isles have suffered since the Irish famine the direct consequence of the persistence of the North in a hopeless and a wrongful contest? Is it not at this moment costing us millions of money and rendering wretched and demoralized millions of our people? What conceivable claim have they upon our love or our good wishes, more than their adversaries?

Finally, how is it possible that any Englishman in his senses and his proper feelings should wish the North success in their endeavour to subdue and reincorporate the South? What was there in the old Union—in the prospects which it opened for humanity, in the character it was developing among its people, in the plans and schemes which it cherished and avowed—that any lover of peace or progress, and of true freedom or pure civilization, should desire its continuance or its restoration? Were that people, in their unbroken prosperity and their unmenaced grandeur, modest, just, or peaceable? Did they scrupulously respect the rights of others? Were they decent even in the assertion of their own? Did they cherish their dream of universal predominance, if not of universal dominion, in order that they might give deliverance to the captive, and let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke? Or that they might give

laws to all nations, and sweep away every opposing element and every independent will? Did their national character improve and purify, and grow more elevated, as their territory spread and their population multiplied? Or did they not exhibit an illustration of social and moral degeneracy, from Washington to Buchanan, from Franklin to Seward, so great and so rapid as had scarcely before been written down in history? and was not this deplorable decadence in all that constitutes a nation's noblest life, directly traceable to that overgrown extent and power which Mr. Bright would have us violate our strict and impartial neutrality in order to bolster up or to restore?

THE TRAFFIC IN CHURCH LIVINGS.

THE House of Lords has very quickly passed through a second reading the bill for transferring to private owners the advowsons of three hundred and twenty church livings in the Lord Chancellor's gift. We refrain from criticizing its details, until it shall have undergone examination by the select committee to which it is now referred. But it has been considered so far only in its promise of an immediate advantage, both to the parishes whose scanty endowments are to be augmented by the price which these advowsons may fetch, and to the Lord Chancellor himself, who will get rid of the troublesome and thankless duty of bestowing a very poor class of benefices, such as few of the suitors for his clerical patronage can desire. Ex-Chancellors and Bishops, therefore, alike for the greater ease and comfort of the Woolsack and for the completer furnishing of the parochial system, have agreed to congratulate Lord Westbury upon this scheme; and the daily papers have spoken, without any reserve, their verdict of approval. But we trust that, when the bill comes under debate in the House of Commons, some broader questions of principle, involved in any plan for dealing with the offices of the Church as a merchantable commodity, will once more be raised. Meanwhile, it seems to have been forgotten, that the very same measure formed part of a Church Building Acts Amendment Bill, which the Earl of Harrowby brought in ten years ago; and that this was based upon a distinct recommendation of the Royal Commissioners appointed in 1849 to inquire into the best mode of sub-dividing populous parishes, and of providing for their spiritual needs. Those Commissioners reckoned upon obtaining one million sterling by the sale of some of the Lord Chancellor's livings, which they proposed, however, not to throw at once into the common market, so as to cause a glut of advowsons, and unduly to cheapen that kind of property; but rather to invite the wealthy local residents, who might care for the religious welfare of their parish, to pay something over and above the market value for the right of presenting their own clergyman, so that his income should in every case be raised to not less than £200 a year. We know not why, in the discussion which began last Thursday upon Lord Westbury's bill, this proposal of the Commissioners of 1849 has been ignored, unless the authors and supporters of the present scheme, so hastily carried forward, are conscious that it does not quite afford the securities which those Commissioners might have thought necessary in this respect. The Lord Chancellor seems disposed to tempt bidders for church livings with a cheap bargain, on the easy terms of paying down half the purchase-money at once, and the other half when the buyer's first turn of presentation arrives. But as, in our view, the advowson is a public trust of sacred importance, we could wish at least to see its acquisition fenced about with some conditions, offering a substantial guarantee that those who will exercise it are sincerely concerned for the social and spiritual welfare of the parish. We should regard it as a pernicious general consequence, outweighing the local and personal advantages that may accrue from this wholesale disposal of patronage, if it were to multiply, and to stamp with perpetuity, the instances unhappily so frequent, where the cure of souls is bought and sold, in the guise of a right of presentation, with sordid indifference to the wants of the Christian flock.

In the hope, therefore, that, in amending this bill, securities may be devised to prevent its giving a fresh stimulus to this immoral traffic by the creation of a new class of private owners of church benefices, we think it right to renew the protest we have uttered on former occasions, against that anomaly of the English law which permits the

sale of a living in anticipation of its next vacancy. This is a question which is not encumbered with the same difficulties that seem to lie in the way of any radical alteration of the law by which the greater part of the Church patronage is vested in private owners, and allowed, in the ordinary way of property, to be conveyed from one to another. The sale of advowsons is one thing; and it may be objected to, in theory, on this ground—that the privilege of appointing ministers of religion for the community ought not, for reasons of public policy, to be made a source of individual gain, but simply to be discharged as a trust. But advowsons are recognized as private property by the laws of the realm; and to prohibit their alienation, at the free option of those who possess them, would lead to great inconveniences, since it would be impossible to lay upon the existing patrons the burthen of a perpetual duty to present, after depriving them of the right to sell their advowsons once for all. The sale of next presentations is quite a different thing; for the exercise of this right is the performance of a public service, and no condition would be more just and reasonable than to forbid the person in whom this power resides, to sell the use of it, for an occasion, to somebody else. A transaction of this sort is, moreover, condemned by the spirit of the existing legislation against simony; because it enables the clergyman who can offer the price of a living, to buy the cure of souls for himself, indirectly, through an arrangement with the purchaser on his behalf.

With these views, the bill which was introduced by Dr. Robert Phillimore and Lord Goderich, in the session of 1853, "to amend the law respecting simony, and to render illegal the sale of the next presentation to any ecclesiastical benefice," may seasonably be recalled to memory, along with Lord Harrowby's project, in the same session, for disposing of the Lord Chancellor's poor livings; the only connection between these subjects being the very large extension of private patronage which the scheme now renewed by the present Lord Chancellor will create. No attempt was made in the debates of 1853, to answer Dr. Phillimore's argument, which still retains its force, on the absurdity of prohibiting the sale of the presentation when the living is actually vacant, but allowing it while the incumbent remains, though all the parties to the bargain may know that a vacancy is about to be made. In the scandalous case of *Fox v. the Bishop of Chester*, the patron had conveyed away his right while the incumbent, who died a few hours later, was actually lying on his death-bed. Lord Tenterden's decision of the illegality of that presentation was reversed by the other judges, who said it was impossible to be certain that the sick parson would not recover; but the law is often deliberately evaded, in this way, by a previous agreement that the living shall be made void by exchange or resignation. On the occasion just cited, it was remarked by Lord Chief Justice Best, that simony was undoubtedly committed through the sale of a next presentation, since the clergyman, who may not purchase it for himself, can easily get a friend or a relative to do it for him. The fulfilment of this shameful bargain is secured by the law which allows an incumbent to execute a bond for the resignation of his living in favour of the patron's friend. Surely, these practices ought to come within Blackstone's definition of simony, as the corruptly obtaining, by money, a title to preach; which is a misdemeanour, punishable by fine and by future incapacity of preferment. One clergyman is enabled, by a very palpable intrigue, to sell his parish to another, through the mediation of a lay patron, who, having put in the incumbent as a warming-pan, can request him to turn out when the patron's son, or nephew, or cousin, is ready to take possession. Instances of this kind are sometimes exposed by the discontent of the parishioners with the manifest incompetency of the warming-pan parson: as when the rectory of St. Ervan, in the diocese of Exeter, was once consigned to an aged and hopeless invalid, whose few remaining days were already numbered, and who could not appear in church for a single Sunday during the two months which elapsed before his death. We might relate many other cases like this.

In order to guard against any increase of these scandals from the large addition now intended to the number of benefices in private patronage, the Lord Chancellor's bill ought to have a clause forbidding the sale of next presentations to these. We should hope that, in the discussions upon this clause, some encouragement might then be afforded to the Church Reformers in Parliament, who would revive

Dr. Phillimore's proposal to enact that all sales of next presentations shall be null and void. There are many other questions, which need mature consideration, with regard to the share of Church patronage, about two-thirds of the whole, belonging to private persons, as well as those portions of it, which are in the hands of the bishops and other ecclesiastical corporations, or in the hands of the Crown. We should wish to see a Royal Commission investigating the whole system by which the Church benefices are dispensed throughout the land. It is not likely, however, that the Legislature or the Government will be induced to take up this extensive subject of inquiry, unless the great body of English laymen, who earnestly desire a reform in their national Church, bestir themselves to form a powerful association for this and kindred objects.

VENICE AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

RECENT intelligence from Vienna informs us that the Austrian Government has decided on granting extensive reforms in Venetia. The attention of the public for the last two years has been concentrated with so much more interest upon Rome than upon Venice, that we are apt to overlook the progress of events in that province of which the latter is the capital; yet such is its position upon the political chessboard of Europe, that it is hardly possible for a move to be made in any part of the Continent, which does not affect it. It forms a very essential link in the chain which begins in Paris and ends at Constantinople, and upon which hangs the fate of three empires. So long as the French are at Rome, the Emperor holds in his hand the destinies of Austria, for Hungary cannot rise unless the Italian armies attack the Quadrilateral, and the Italian army is virtually commanded by the general who commands in Rome. Until Rome is abandoned by the French, the Italians despair of Venetia. So long as the Austrians hold Venetia, the French will continue in military possession of Rome. It is a political *impasse* from which there seems no escape. To those, however, who look beyond the immediate present, the events now occurring in Greece and the Ionian Islands will change the whole political aspect of those momentous questions, which have been pending in Europe ever since the Italian campaign, and which have more than once threatened to involve the whole continent in war. It will be more easy to show how the revolution in Greece and the cession of the Ionian Islands affect the general situation, than to predict the results to which these events may ultimately lead. The last effort made by the party of action in Italy proved beyond all doubt that, for the present, their country was incapable of movement. Politically paralysed, these ardent spirits who sought to galvanize her into life were compelled to abandon the attempt in despair, and to admit that those Hungarian and Italian patriots were endowed with more political foresight who maintained that, in order to obtain the unity of Italy and the liberation of Hungary, it was necessary to push the Eastern question to a crisis. In other words, the destruction of Turkey was thought a necessary preliminary to the realization of the national aspirations. Finding that the occupation of Rome rendered an attack on the Quadrilateral impossible, it was argued that Austria might be assailed on the opposite shore of the Adriatic; that a revolution in Albania, Montenegro, Herzegovina, Bosnia, Croatia, and Servia, would spread across the frontier, and that Dalmatia, Istria, and Venetia would, simultaneously with Hungary, throw off the Austrian yoke. To this scheme one fatal objection existed—England held the Ionian Isles, and, it was supposed, would not abandon them in obedience to a revolutionary movement, which, extending along the shores of the Adriatic, would embrace her protectorate within its influence.

As the French oppress the Romans, as the Austrians oppress the Venetians, so, it was supposed, did we oppress the Ionians. If it was impossible to attack Austria from the side of Italy for fear of France, so was it impossible to assail her from the side of Turkey for fear of England. So long as Corfu was English, Venice never could be Italian. Our Government could not, with any consistency, force upon Austria the relinquishment of Venetia, while we had an oppressed nationality of our own; still less could it encourage or even tolerate an agitation in Turkey, destined to free Venice, but involving, in the first instance, a revolution in Corfu. Thus were we debarred from pro-

testing, as we otherwise might, against the occupation of Rome by the French. The reply of the Emperor to the party of action was invariably to this effect,—“England is not more favourable to the scheme of Italian unity than I am; what did she say about having interests to protect in the Adriatic in October, 1860? When the British Government presses Austria to abandon Venetia, I will abandon Rome; at present the evacuation of Rome would lead to the invasion of Lombardy by Austria.” The party of action in Italy have been, until lately, firmly impressed with the idea that we were opposed to the cession of Venetia to Italy, lest that measure should compromise our interests in the Ionian Islands. Thus, the position of the Emperor in Rome has been justified in their eyes by our occupation of Corfu. Our proposal to abandon these islands has dealt a severe blow to the French policy in Italy; and had we suggested the evacuation of Rome as a simultaneous measure, the refusal of the Emperor to comply would have rendered his present attitude in the eyes of the Liberal party in Europe still more untenable. The political connection which we have shown to exist between Rome and Corfu, as bearing upon Venice, would have rendered such a proposal in every way reasonable. It was only fair to admit that our protectorate of the Seven Islands was as much a bar to the annexation of Venice as the Emperor's protectorate of the Pope. We were ready to do our share towards a united Italy, if he would do his. Nothing could be more logical or natural. As it is, the Venetian question is cleared of difficulties. So far as we are concerned, we may, whether the Ionians accept our proposal or not, advocate consistently the cession of Venetia to Italy; and Austria has already found her position so much more precarious than it was, that she is endeavouring by concessions to reconcile a population to her rule, which can only be satisfied by a final separation.

From these considerations it will appear that our present policy in the Adriatic will transfer obstacles from our path to that of the Emperor, and will enable us to control the revolutionary no less than the despotic elements in Europe. We shall have acquired among the Christian populations of Turkey an influence equal to that which we shall still preserve among the Mahometans. When the Hellenic race shall look to us as their patrons and benefactors, the Slavonic will scarcely have courage to attempt a movement in defiance of England. While the Italians will accept as an augury in their favour our last stroke of Eastern policy, Austria will find herself more than ever compelled to rely upon us for support, for we alone can control those revolutionary forces constantly at work upon her Eastern frontier.

Whether under all circumstances the present was the most opportune moment at which the cession of the Ionian Islands should have been made; and whether it might not have been made with more judgment, and for some more distinct equivalent, are questions fairly open to consideration; but of one thing there can be no doubt, that not merely with reference to the Italian, but still more decidedly with reference to the Eastern question, our position politically is improved. The old arguments against any such cession have been replaced by an entirely new set of considerations, which did not exist when the Ionian Islands were first placed under the British Protectorate. It is only necessary to read a very opportune work just published by Captain Whyte Jervis, which, though written in an opposite sense, contains a most useful sketch of their history since 1797, when they ceased to form part of the Venetian Republic, to perceive how completely altered are the relations in which the Ionian Islands now stand to the rest of Europe. Whether, in a strategical point of view, they are so important as Captain Jervis believes, we are hardly in a position to determine; but we cannot but think that any value they may possess in this respect is more than compensated for by the gain which will accrue to our general policy. We only trust that when the time arrives, skill may be shown in using the advantages incidental to a measure more pregnant with political significance, than those who inaugurated it probably imagined. The announcement made this week, that a King of Greece has at length been found, in the person of Prince William of Denmark, the brother of our Princess of Wales, lead us to expect an immediate renewal of the negotiations for ceding the Ionian Islands to the Greek kingdom. These observations refer to some of the remoter probable consequences of such an act, which has, upon other grounds, received our fullest approbation.

LANCASHIRE HANDS.

WE have often heard of late that, under the strain of the distress in Lancashire, the New Poor Law has broken down. There is no doubt much to be said in support of the statement, but it is doubtful whether it is strictly correct. There are in truth, at the bottom of the Poor Laws, two principles, to some extent at conflict with one another, and possessing very different influences under different conditions of the labour market. The first principle is that which is usually more prominent, and it is owing to its comparative weakness at this crisis that the allegation of the breaking down of the Poor Law is made. The principle is, that no person should receive in relief a better supply of the necessities of life than he could obtain by the exercise of the rudest and worst-paid manual labour. A large portion of the machinery of the Poor Law Acts is devoted to the carrying out of this principle. It must, however, be confessed that it is not of universal application. In enunciating it, it is always presupposed that the wages of the lowest description of labour are sufficient to maintain existence; when this hypothesis is untrue, a second principle comes into active operation—that no person shall die of starvation. This is as fundamental a part of the Poor Law as the other; but it exists in general only as a latent qualifying influence. The distress in Lancashire has made it the most operative spring of action. There is still some work to be obtained in the manufacturing districts, but the ratio of the army of workers to the work to be done is so overwhelming that the natural rate of wages falls below the limit of bare subsistence. It follows that the scale of relief must be higher than the reward of labour in the market; and out-door relief, relief in aid of wages, and relief with rude and inadequate tests, necessarily ensue. The efficacy of the two principles of the Poor Law has been changed: the weaker has become the stronger, but it is of the highest importance that that which has been forced to give way should not be forgotten. No one who is at all acquainted with the past history of the English poor, will be disposed to ignore the evils which follow upon the state of things where a large population subsists upon relief. The agricultural poor were reduced to this condition by the operation of the great war, and Mr. Pitt's Poor Relief Act, framed to meet the exigencies of the time, served to stereotype its evils. The lace-makers of Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, and the shoemakers of Northampton, are examples of classes of workmen whose wages are permanently lowered. In the face of such possibilities happening to the mill-bands of Lancashire, every reasonable suggestion for the relief of its at present superabundant labouring population deserves careful consideration, and amongst them none more than the proposal of some scheme of emigration.

It is a matter of regret that a subject which demands the most careful and dispassionate consideration should be in danger of falling into the hands of angry controversialists. We cannot too earnestly deprecate the bitter irony of a correspondent of the *Daily News*, on the one hand, nor the rash energy of Mr. Kingsley and “S. G. O.” on the other. Mr. Kingsley is ignorant of the elements of the problem, but he did not hesitate last autumn to declare that the mill-owners were shirking the burden of contributing to the relief of the labourers, and he does not hesitate now to attribute to them a disposition to retain a superabundance of workmen for the sake of low wages.

We said last week that the only sound mode of considering the question was to regard it from the point of view of the individual workman. How would he, with a sufficiency of means and of knowledge, determine to act? It is clear that he must first ascertain the probable duration of the cotton crisis, and the consequences which will follow upon its termination. The prospects on this side are, we fear, daily less encouraging. Outside America the supply of cotton can increase but slowly, and its price must remain greatly enhanced; nor can we hope that help will soon reach us from America itself. The termination of the war seems as distant as ever, and every month that it is prolonged diminishes its resources as a source of cotton supply. The last correspondence published by the Foreign Office shows that the estimate of the cotton crop of 1861, made by Mr. Consul Bunch, was very much exaggerated; the produce of the crop of 1862 has never yet been picked; and it is now clear that no cotton at all will be produced in 1863, as the necessities of the war have compelled the South to convert their tillage into corn crops. The stock in hand becomes daily dimi-

nished through wilful destruction and rot, and there is no new supply to fill up the deficiency.

It would be idle to deny, in the face of these facts and the further consideration of the burdens which will impede the free cultivation of cotton on the restoration of peace, that the prospects of the cotton manufacture are gloomy. If we suppose the workman to consider, on the one hand, this prospect, and the low wages which must result from the concurrence of a large number of operatives with a limited supply of work, it is probable that he will think he does not relinquish much if he abandons his capital of acquired skill. On the other hand, neither his habits nor his physical powers are well adapted for colonial work. But, on the whole, we are inclined to think that a workman with wife and child or a couple of children, and, *à fortiori*, a single man possessing means enough to betake himself to a colony, even were it the comparatively unfavourable climate of Canada, and to have a pound or two in his pocket on landing, would act wisely in going thither. That such a course would be best for all, seems to be the opinion of some of the best authorities. Colonel Wilson Patten said, in the beginning of the week at Manchester, that he thought the time had arrived for a large emigration, and Mr. Cobden's cautious letter appears to show an inclination to the same opinion.

The decision which would be arrived at by the factory workman after a full consideration of his case, is one which should in no case be thwarted, and it would perhaps be wise to assist him in carrying it out. It is too clear that the cotton districts cannot pass through the next winter without a grant or loan, and we may therefore properly consider whether it is desirable that the Government should extend any help to operatives who are desirous of emigrating. This is a subject which may well be taken up on the re-assembling of Parliament, and any action on it should take place during the spring and summer; we may hope that we shall not have reproduced this year the spectacle of last season, when the Houses devoted the last week of the session to a hurried consideration of the Lancashire distress. Any scheme of emigration which may be introduced must provide that its operation should be fenced round with considerable difficulties. The assisted emigrant must undergo as great sacrifices as the workman who would emigrate at his own expense and on his own responsibility. An unchecked rush of emigrants, who could secure with little trouble passages to any colony, would only produce a transfer of the distress beyond seas. It is possible that we may derive a hint from the experience of the great emigration movement of fifteen years ago. A consequence of this was an annual remittance for many years of upwards of a million from emigrants abroad to their friends at home. Such remittances point to the possibility of loans to willing emigrants, to be repaid after their arrival in a colony. Mr. Cobden suggested last year loans to workmen at home, which he thought might be judiciously entrusted to the operatives of Lancashire. Emigration loans might work in a similar spirit. There would, no doubt, be great difficulties in carrying out the scheme, arising from the removal of the debtor beyond any control, but we are not satisfied that they are insuperable. The borrowers would, of course, be picked men, and there might be added a guarantee to the State from the parishes at home upon which the emigrants are chargeable. Whether this should be done by the Government or by private societies, and under what restrictions and regulations, are questions which are, perhaps, worth considering during the Easter recess.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

Or the multitudes who congregate at a race or match of any kind, especially in the immediate neighbourhood of London, how few really see anything of what they came to see! Road, river, and rail bring together such enormous crowds that, with few exceptions, everybody is very much engaged in preventing everybody else from seeing; and each event which more than ordinarily excites the sporting, or the racing, or the sight-seeing world, produces an interest which is so vast and wide as to interfere with its own gratification. Some persons, indeed, now that everything that goes on in the world is brought home to one's breakfast-table by full and accurate descriptions in the newspapers, upon principle stay at home and avoid all sight-seeing; and if they do not literally follow Sheridan's advice to his son (who was going down a coal-mine, in order to say that he had done so), and pretend they have

seen all that the world has been to see, still they are able to talk very much as if they had. On the other hand, those who go to see every sight most conscientiously would often have to say, if they confessed the truth, "I was jostled and crowded, and I got very tired; and after all I saw nothing." Yet what would the sight or the match be without the spectators? The very glory of the contest and the value of the victory consist mainly in the interest they create and the crowd they bring together. Yet the persons actually engaged in the struggle must sometimes devoutly wish that if "forty centuries" must needs contemplate their efforts, they would do so from no closer quarters than from the top of the Pyramids.

With regard to the great annual Oxford and Cambridge boat-race—that Derby or blue-ribbon of the Thames—it has positively come to this, that the race is in danger of being put an end to by the very numbers it attracts to see it. There was a time when a crowded towing-path, a number of small boats upon the river, and a moderate allowance of spectators from bridges and shores, were all the inconveniences a great boat-race entailed. It could be rowed in comparative peace. But now steamers full of people block and crowd the Thames. Huge waves are created, which may swamp or at least delay either or both of the delicate outriggers; and the captains of the boat-clubs have to keep the hour of the race dark, and to shift time and place at the last moment, in order to elude the overgrown public, as Messrs. Sayers & Heenan had to do in order to dodge the police.

The race on Saturday was announced for the early hour of half-past eight, in order that the steamers might have to leave London at such an hour as might secure a comparatively small attendance. "The advantage of this plan," says the *Times* report, "was evident from the extreme scantiness of the passengers which the few steamers at Mortlake had on board." But, in spite of the early hour and "cold gusty morning," there was no lack of spectators. It is clear that some greater counter-attraction than hot rolls and muffins is needed to overcome the difficulties of the case and ensure a comfortable start at the hour appointed. The banks were lined with horse and foot. Hammersmith Bridge was black with lookers on, some of whom climbed high upon the chains which suspend it. Nor were the ladies behindhand. A good sprinkling of light-blue and dark-blue dresses and bonnets diversified the dull mass. Roads and fields at Putney were crowded with cabs and carriages. As for the "few steamers," there were at least fourteen or fifteen of them; quite enough to churn up the quiet river into a sea of dingy foam, and—but for the intense exertions of Sir Richard Mayne, represented by half a dozen policemen in a small boat, and of the umpire, in his steamer—to spoil the start and the race twenty times over. The state of the wind, and the tide, which had turned earlier than was anticipated, made it necessary to reverse the course and row down from Mortlake to Putney at a later hour than that first announced. Accordingly, the steamers all proceeded up to Mortlake, and the tide of spectators there assembled began to ebb towards Hammersmith and Putney. At Mortlake were the crews in two masses of dark and light blue, upon the bank, awaiting the arrival of their boats from Putney. Soon the boats arrive; the crews get into them from an osier-bed just above the mass of puffing monsters crammed together in the narrow part of the stream. Cambridge is on the water first, and, the Oxford dark blue soon following, both boats proceed, amid loud shouts from their respective supporters, to gain by a narrow passage among the steamers the two buoys placed for the starting-point opposite Barker's Rails. Meanwhile, some six steamers had got well below the starting-point, and till they had been brought back no start could take place. This was at last effected by great exertions on the part of the umpire. But by the time they had moved back, another *contretemps* occurred. A barge, ruthlessly keeping on its course down the river, carried away the Cambridge buoy just as the light-blue were in their place. Then the police-boat came on the scene to recover and replace the buoy. The Cambridge boat had to drop down stream, to turn and thread its way back through the passage between the steamers, to turn once more, and regain its place above. But no sooner was Cambridge ready than the Oxford buoy was fouled by the clumsy steam-tug, *Jupiter*. *Jupiter* puffed and puffed in vain. He was found to be aground on the Middlesex shore. Meanwhile, some of the steamers had again been carried down by the tide. The result was that, as the Oxford spokesman, Mr. Carr, feelingly complained at the dinner, "though the day might just as well have been cold or raining, the men were kept waiting in the middle of the river with nothing but their jerseys on; while steamers ran up at each side of them creating such confusion that they had almost to start themselves without any umpire at all." A start, however, was

accomplished at last. About twenty minutes after ten (the race, if from Mortlake, was to be at half-past nine) Mr. Searle gave the word. Away shot the boats, like arrows, leaving *Jupiter* still panting on his sand-bank, and soon getting clear of the mass of other marine deities or demons—jostling, bumping, and ploughing up the troubled waters in their wake.

Of the race itself there is not much to say. The light blue, with their quicker and more flurried stroke, for a moment drew the nose of the Cambridge boat ahead. But the massive, solid stroke of Oxford, albeit at first a little quicker and less steady than usual, soon began to tell. In a moment more the boats were even. Then Oxford drew ahead. At the "Ship," at Mortlake, Oxford came in front of their opponents and took their water, thus giving them the wash of the leading boat. At the Railway Bridge dark blue were three lengths ahead, at Hammersmith nearly six, and, the distance steadily increasing, they passed the post at Putney twenty-two seconds before Cambridge, rowing within themselves, and winning with comparative ease by a distance variously stated at from seven to twelve boats' lengths.

The way in which the umpire in his steamer was left with the rest quite out of sight of the race towards the close of it, would scarcely have been satisfactory to that functionary had he been called upon to decide any question arising more than a few minutes after the start. Luckily no such question could very well arise, the race being more or less hollow from first to last. The public of the steamers, tolerably numerous, though less than half what they are on ordinary occasions, consoled themselves with the fact that there was nothing more to see, as the race was decided; with "chaff" among themselves, and with the pleasing excitement of being violently jerked at every other instant down on to the deck from the paddle-boxes and other posts of vantage which they occupied, by the constant collisions which took place among these "rampaging monsters." It is strange that the steamers were all so thoroughly distanced. The reason given is that the tide was running more rapidly than usual at the time of these races, which are generally rowed in slack water. But why a rapid tide should help rowing-boats more than steamers it is difficult to see. The true cause probably was that the race was an uncommonly fast one, and that the steamers, jammed together in the narrow part of the river at starting, jostled and impeded each other more than usual. Considering how much trouble the steamers give and how little their inmates saw, it would seem desirable, if practicable, another year, to forbid steamers altogether, except one really fast boat for the umpire.

The result of the race was generally expected. Oxford had everything in her favour, and it would have been strange if the state of the odds, 5 or 6 to 4 before starting, had not been justified by the result. Not only had Mr. Hoare, the Oxford stroke, already rowed twice before in winning races against Cambridge, but the whole crew of last year remained this year to choose from. Oxford had bigger and heavier men than Cambridge. She had choice of sides and took the Middlesex shore, decidedly the best. Moreover, the pretty lively north-west wind made roughish water—all in favour of the strong, steady Oxford style. To add to all this, the Cambridge steerer is said to have made a mistake during the race which cost his boat some lengths.

Few will doubt that Mr. Hoare, in spite of the sudden and heart-rending loss which has befallen his family, did right in deciding to remain at his post and take the most conspicuous part in this almost national contest between our two great schools of learning and manliness and worth. The captain of an Oxford "eight" may well have the same kind of feeling for his university as a candidate for the palm at Olympia must have had for his native State, and may think that to do his best for her, under almost any circumstances, is a public duty. Many who saw the race will have read the spirited and beautiful description of a similar contest at Henley in the opening chapter of Mr. Reade's new novel in "All the Year Round," and will think of the sister who asked "whether it would be very wrong to pray that Oxford may win?"

It is interesting to know that of the twenty recorded contests between the Universities since 1829, each University has now won ten. Cambridge was well ahead; but Oxford, by the events of this and the last two years, has come up to her. No doubt another year will make large gaps in the ranks of the boating heroes who have gained Oxford so many laurels. On the other hand, Cambridge has no reason to be discouraged. If she has been beaten, it is only because Oxford has been unusually fortunate in her captain, and unusually rich in first-rate oarsmen.

Next year will be a race of unusual interest, and each side will be sure more than ever to strain every nerve to prepare for it. We

sincerely wish both Oxford and Cambridge good captains and crews, united counsels, a fair stage, and the absence of all *contretemps*, a much closer race than this year, and that the best men may win the conquering heat.

NATAL AND MANCHESTER AT WAR.

NATAL is firmly resolved to die in armour. He is full of fight. This, indeed, seems a characteristic grace of Colonials. One Colonial not very long ago poured shot into a hostile craft on the sea, and forgetting that this is not the sort of excellence which is expected to distinguish a Christian minister, he wrote home to the *Times* a long report, deliciously enlarging on the precision of his aim and the number of pirates he left dead upon the deck. Another Colonial from Natal, of no ordinary notoriety, has opened fire on Moses, on the Prophets, and on the Old Testament in general, and returning from this field of controversy, he has sent a farewell round shot from London into Manchester. Having, as he reverently believes, slain Moses and Aaron, his two greatest opponents, he thinks he will be able to make short work of Dr. Lee, of Manchester. We incline to think this new and unexpected episode in the episcopal war will do a deal of good. Better have a good hot discussion than that cold and stagnant acquiescence in traditional beliefs which deprecates all interruption of the *otium cum dignitate*, a condition, by the way, which has been too long a favourite diocese in England. The hurricane may disturb the sleepers, but it purifies the air. A living dog is preferable to a dead lion, and so the pugnacious Natal Colonial is better than a somnolent Anglican prelate of the high and dry type. A good fighting bishop is a capital blister. He keeps his brethren awake, counteracts the opiate tendencies of a mitre, and helps the laity to feel that in the Church and the Bible there is something worthy of a thorough stand-up fight.

We must however add, however painful, that while we appreciate colonial pluck, we estimate colonial logic at a very low figure, and Natal theology at a lower still. The present Natal and Manchester skirmish arose from Dr. Lee, the Bishop of the latter diocese, having made a speech at a Church Missionary meeting about three weeks ago, in which, speaking of his untamed brother of Natal, he said:—

"The very foundations of our faith, the very basis of our hopes, the very nearest and dearest of our consolations, are taken from us, when one line of that sacred volume, on which we base everything, is declared to be unfaithful and untrustworthy. We have, I trust, not been wanting in our duty in remonstrating with the party who has thus offended. I trust it is not thought, because we endeavoured to use words of temper and discretion, that we were backward in expressing the horror and grief with which we viewed what had been done. I have no hesitation in saying that there is no phrase which a Christian or a gentleman could use that I am not prepared to use in reprobation of the spirit which animates that work."

These are far severer terms than we have ventured to employ in our strictures on Dr. Colenso. But they are as just as they are expressive. They reflect the mind of many honest and thoughtful men, whether they be Churchmen or Nonconformists, who may probably have understood the Bishop of Manchester to mean, not that our version of the Bible is exempt in every line from such inaccuracies as copyists or translators may have introduced, but that its authority as the Word of God is the basis of the Christian faith. But our controversialist of Natal no sooner scents the battle from afar, than he assumes a fighting attitude, unlimbers his gun, and gives Manchester a hint not to boast in putting on his armour as one that puts it off. His missive consists of two parts. The first is concluded in these jubilant and defiant words:—

"I am glad that your lordship has thus distinctly raised this question, and thrown down a challenge, which I now take up deliberately in the face of the whole Church and nation. The object of my work is to show that the real value of the Bible as a teacher of divine truth is not affected by the unhistorical character of certain narratives, or by other errors in matters of fact which the progress of critical, historical, and scientific research may detect from time to time in other parts of the sacred volume."

Let us examine this alleged object of the bishop's work. It was the natural impression of his readers that if the bishop had proved Moses not to have been the writer of the Pentateuch, and the main historic records of Genesis and Exodus not to be true or actual and reliable matters of fact, he would have damaged the claims of every writer in the New Testament, and disparaged so far the teaching of the divine Founder of Christianity. The Apostle Paul, in his addresses, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and in his Epistle to the Hebrews (xi. 23-29), expressly declares Moses to have been a living historic person, and the incidents recorded in Genesis to have actually occurred. In

the same chapter he recognizes as literal facts the Noachian deluge, and the passage of the Red Sea. St. Peter does the same. If these writers were so deceived themselves, or, knowing what Dr. Colenso believes, have so deceived us, on what ground can we accept them as in any sense or degree inspired men? If they have so blundered or so deceived us in these "earthly things" what reason have we left for supposing that they have informed us aright, or were themselves instructed aright in "heavenly things?" He of whom it is written, "Never man spake like this man," speaks of the deluge as a fact, and Noah as an historic person who lived and was miraculously saved in his day. Of Moses he says, "He wrote of Me," and to the words of Moses He attaches an efficacy so divine, that He puts into the mouth of another: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets neither will be they persuaded if one rose from the dead."

But that we may see how Dr. Colenso appreciates the force—the destructive force—of his supposed disproofs of Scripture facts, let us here quote his own words from his second volume, pp. 170, 171:—

"Now, however, that we are able to feel that we stand on sure ground, when we assert that these books, whatever be their value, with whatever pious purpose they were written, and whatever excellent lessons they may teach, are not removed from the sphere of critical enquiry, by possessing any such divine infallibility as has been usually ascribed to them, there is a multitude of other difficulties, inconsistencies, and impossibilities, which will be at once apparent if we examine carefully the scripture narrative. Without at present stopping to consider those which arise from examining the story of creation and the fall as given in the first chapters of Genesis by the light of modern science, we will here notice the contradictions which exist between the first account of creation in Genesis i., and the second account in Genesis ii."

We appeal to the common sense of our readers, how could a book replete with "difficulties, inconsistencies, and impossibilities" be trustworthy in its most vital doctrinal portions? If the writers knew no better, and therefore have unconsciously introduced legends and fables as facts and truths, how can we accept them as credible witnesses of yet sublimer facts, or trustworthy writers of yet more precious truths? The destruction of the Old Testament is logically and inevitably the destruction of the New also; the two do not depend on *adhesion*, which may be severed without injury to either; they exist by *cohesion*, and therefore both must stand or both must fall; they are one homogeneous work.

The Bishop of Natal, not seeing the drift of his opinions, sends another farewell shot to his brother of Manchester, which he labels "the hare" or "chew-the-cud" shot:—

"I would beg, however, to be permitted to ask, assuming that the above words are correctly reported, whether your lordship does really mean to say that 'the very foundations of our faith, the very basis of our hopes, the very nearest and dearest of our consolations, are taken from us,' when it is declared that such a statement as that in Lev. xi., 6, viz., that the hare 'chews the cud'—which is there represented as resting upon the authority of the Almighty Creator Himself—'Jehovah spake unto Moses and Aaron,'—is not a 'faithful and trustworthy' account of a very well-known fact in natural history, and that, consequently, the words in question could never have been really uttered by the Almighty?"

As this brilliant discovery does not appear in his work, we may assume he has lately stumbled upon it. Moses no doubt writes, "Jehovah said unto Moses and to Aaron," "The hare, because he cheweth the cud but divideth not the hoof, he is unclean unto you." On this the Bishop quotes a note of Professor Owen, whence taken he does not condescend to inform us, which is in these words, "the hare does not chew the cud, it has not the stomach of a ruminant animal." No authority is higher than Professor Owen's on comparative anatomy. But a long-disputed question like this must not be so summarily settled by Dr. Colenso's alleged note from Professor Owen, which, after all, may be "unhistorical." We decline, however, at present to enter on the tempting field of debate thus opened to Christendom. We leave Dr. Lee to settle this curious point with his South African brother; and we leave Dr. Colenso to ruminate, like his friend the hare, upon Dr. Lee's reply, when, chewing the cud of repentance, he will in himself present an interesting zoological illustration, without the "cloven hoof," of that animal species. Should the defeat which he may expect lead the Bishop of Natal to select healthier pastures and purer streams for the future, he may derive from this incidental collision a considerable amount of personal benefit. In the meantime, he may just be reminded that, even on the question of natural history to which he has needlessly referred, opinions have not always been on his side. Thus Michaelis, after stating that "no two sportsmen concur in giving the same answer" to the question whether the hare chews the cud, considers it "one of those doubtful cases, which, as in the case of the camel's foot, the legislator was obliged to decide

authoritatively." The poet Cowper, who domesticated three tame hares, and studied their habits with great attention, asserts that "they chewed the cud all day till evening." In the case of the camel the division of the hoof is partial and imperfect, the division not extending the whole length, and being so far doubtful, it is excluded. So the hare may not have the intestinal structure of a ruminant animal, such as the cow; but as in the opposite case of the camel's hoof, it has so great an approximation to a ruminating animal in its habits, that it has impressed most observers with the belief that it is actually so. Dr. Eadie states in his dictionary that "the ruminant character is a fact in the case of some species of the hare." All who have discussed this old and somewhat obsolete objection agree that the hare has an action of the mouth—the whetting of its incisor teeth—which appears to an ordinary observer very similar to chewing the cud. But what a point is this, in such a controversy as that in which the Bishop of Natal has embarked!

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.

THE enamelling trial of some eight months ago, her vast business and establishments in both hemispheres for the supply and manufacture of her miraculous cosmetics, are not enough for Madame Rachel. Still sighing for new worlds to conquer, and burning with that missionary spirit which always accompanies sincere belief; uneasy in her heart while yet one fashionable woman in London remains unenamelled, and consequently without the full and perpetual benefit of her charms; sad that her great discovery should be so misrepresented as it has been lately by profane writers, who accuse her of drying up the pores of the skin by a hardening process and of other enormities, Madame Rachel can contain herself no longer. She has taken up her parable, and put forth her profession of faith in a neat pink pamphlet of twenty-four pages, at the modest price of half-a-crown. The streets of May Fair and Belgravia, and the Strand itself, teem with small human sandwiches, upon which her immortal work, "Beautiful for Ever! Madame Rachel on Female Grace and Beauty!" is advertised in rose-coloured letters. In the columns of the *Times*, too, its publication is duly proclaimed. If the old unenamelled world of men and women still goes on walking, talking, marrying and giving in marriage, dressing and rouging in its old way, it is not for want of the warning voice of a prophetess in their midst. Nor is the book entrusted to the sale of ordinary booksellers. It is dispensed by the priestess's own hands at her own mysterious shrine in Bond-street. A tract is of little use if it does not lead its reader to attendance at church or chapel; and even this immortal work, if merely read and thrown aside unheeded, might make little impression upon the world. Madame Rachel, therefore, invites the world to smell the rose upon the tree; to gather up the leaves of the oracle (neatly sewn and covered) at the shrine itself, in the hope that some at least who come to buy, to look about them and to "chaff" or scoff, may remain to be sold, to be converted, to be enamelled, or even to be made beautiful for ever, by the "Magnetic Rock Dew Water of the Sahara."

Cruelly, indeed, has the Pythia of Bond-street been misunderstood and wronged, by husbands and juries, by the press and by mankind. It is not merely, or primarily, the physical grace and beauty of woman with which Madame Rachel is concerned. No! Woman's moral grace and excellence, woman's moral ascendancy, her mission as the civilizer and consoler of mankind,—these are the great ends and interests which this new female apostle of beauty is devoting a lifetime to promote. Of course moral grace and ascendancy are not to be had without due attention to outward appearance. "We trust our gentle readers will not deem us too presuming in again stating that, as it has been a pleasure to us to speak of the mental and moral beauties of woman, so it has been and ever will be our pleasure to improve their health and personal charms." But, after all, these are mere accessories, mere means to the great end. Let there be no misunderstanding in future. It is in order that woman may worthily fulfil her high mission in the world that Madame Rachel has opened her shop in Bond-street.

Accordingly, a full half of the pamphlet is devoted to a eulogy of the moral virtues of the sex. "Our glorious and beloved Queen, who, bright and beautiful, came forth to the nation in her young and lovely girlhood," of course is first alluded to. Next the three royal brides of the last few years are brought forward to exemplify "how wise and good has ever been the influence of beautiful woman." "Yes! beautiful for ever shall be the name of such lovely women and of thousands and tens of thousands of others who could be extolled for their virtues and womanly traits." Then Florence Nightingale and the Crimean Sisters of Mercy; Jessie

Maclean, the heroine of Lucknow; Grace Darling,—“Grace by name and grace by nature;” the poor ballet girl, Smith, who sacrificed her life in endeavouring to save her burning companion at the Princess's Theatre; “the lovely and erring Magdalen,” reclaimed by the intercession of her more fortunate sister; all these instances of moral beauty are touched upon in turn.

Having thus enlisted the sympathies of the fashionable, the charitable, the naval and military, and the theatrical world, and even of the demi-monde itself—and having also set herself right as to her own object in life, the authoress proceeds to deprecate neglect of dress—one of the main causes of the loss of woman's influence. Many neglect dress “under the impression that *deshabille* is charming.” But “we would urge that what is pleasure to one is pain to another in more instances than one.” Especially at this time should all women duly adorn themselves to welcome the Princess Alexandra,—

“Greeting her with loving hearts and joyous faces—such should be the tribute of Albion's fair and lovely daughters to the gentle Danish Princess.

“Yes, we say, come forth bright Albion's fair and graceful daughters; on such a festal day come forth, arrayed in your sparkling gems and radiant beauty, and add lustre, by your matchless charms, to the joyous day that fills England with gladness.”

“Come forth!” we fancy we hear this Pythoness continue (if the words of the book may be supplemented by those of the advertisement given with it), “Come forth, radiant with Madame Rachel's Royal and costly Arabian spices and perfumes, which were presented in golden vases by the ladies of Paris to the Empress Eugenie, under the name of the Senses of Peace! Come forth and greet your future Queen with faces joyous with Alabaster Powder, Royal Arabian Soap, Alabaster Liquid, Circassian Bloom, and Arab Bloom Powder, sold by Madame Rachel, sole maker, possessor, and inventor—(attendances without enamelling, £5; with enamelling, £160 and upwards). Come forth and worthily exercise the wise and good influence of women, your eyes bright with my Circassian Preparation for the Eyes, your hair with Magnetic Cream and Arabian Oils, and your teeth with Blanchinette Enamel Wash; your breath sweet with Pure Extracts of the Lilies; your foreheads smooth with the Armenian Liquid for Removing Wrinkles; your bodies renewed and purified with the Magnetic Rock Dew Water from Sahara, which may be called the Antipodes of the Lethæan Styx!”

But the “gentle reader” about this time becomes impatient to know something more definite of the means by which Madame Rachel's great results are achieved. An extract from the *Illustrated News* of January 24th, 1846, will enlighten him. It appears that at that time the physician to the Emperor of Morocco was in England, and through that respectable journal he made known the secret of the Magnetic Rock Dew Water to the world. Madame Rachel at once seized the opportunity, and secured her prize. She has now “the sole right of importing it in its pure state; the privilege of which right was purchased at an enormous outlay from the Government of Morocco, and which has gained her world-renowned fame.”

Part of the newspaper extract, and of Madame Rachel's comments on it, deserve quoting:—

“In the interior of Sahara, or the Great Desert, is a magnetic rock, from which a water distils, sparingly, in the form of dew, which is possessed of extraordinary properties. It appears to have the property of increasing the vital energies, as it restores the colour of grey hair, apparently by renewing the circulation in its capillary tubes, the cessation of which occasions greyness. And it gives the appearance of youth to persons of considerable antiquity.

“This water is brought to Morocco, on swift dromedaries, for the use of the Court, and its virtues are much extolled by the physician; it might be called the antipodes of the Lethæan Styx of ancient times.

“Though its virtues are inexplicable by the lights of science, they cannot be denied in the face of sufficient credentials. In the caravans which cross the Sahara, the water, which is carried in skins, is sometimes all dried up suddenly by the hot winds; but to this medicinal water such an accident has never happened.”

The commentary is certainly worthy of this text:—

“The high respectability of the journal from which the above is quoted is a sufficient guarantee of its authenticity. Were further proofs needed, the Ambassadors from the Court of Morocco can testify to the Magnetic Rock's existence.

“And should other proofs be wanting, we will merely refer to the late trial, where, in a public court of justice, the author had subpoenaed (*sic*) some of the first medical men of the day, to whom she appealed in open court for confirmation of her assertion that her process had been effective.

“The learned counsel opposed to the writer on that occasion admitted the services that had been rendered, but pleaded, for the husband of the lady who had derived benefit from the writer's skill, talents, and labour, that he was not bound by law to pay for such a costly and elaborate luxury.

“But it has ever been admitted that there are two sides to a question, and that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and, to quote from the *Morning Advertiser*, ‘If ladies put faith in enamelling, and derive benefit from it, they are bound, as ladies, to pay for it.’”

Come, then, all young ladies, matrons, dowagers, and persons of considerable antiquity, to Madame Rachel. Other cosmetics are composed “of the most deadly leads and other injurious matter.” Madame Rachel's are made “of the purest, rarest, and most fragrant productions of Arabia, Syria, Sahara, Central India, China, and Japan, collected and imported regardless of expense.”

The person who would be beautiful for ever must first, it seems, go through “a simple course of medical treatment.” She must then constantly use the Arabian medicated bath. From the use of this bath the women of Eastern nations derive their matchless beauty. The Turkish bath is denounced as fatally deleterious. The Arabian is the secret of health and loveliness. What is the Arabian bath? Go to Bond-street and you may see. Madame Rachel, sole importer of the Magnetic Rock Dew Water, and of the choice Eastern herbs, &c., alone has the materials to make it and the knowledge to use them.

And shall this Hebrew Cassandra still preach to the world in vain? Shall Barnum succeed in the Broadway, and Rachel fail in Bond-street? Shall crowds abet and applaud an insulting cabman at her door, who tells her that “he can paint her ladies' eyes better than she can paint their cheeks,”—and this to her face and in allusion to her daughter, doubtless long since made beautiful for ever by the Arabian bath? It cannot be. The season is just coming on. The sandwich advertisements, the eloquent pamphlet, the trial of the process itself, cannot fail to convert the whole world of the “Court Guide,” and the whole world out of it. Not a lady but will rush to refresh herself with this elixir of life and beauty, and not a husband but will cheerfully pay the little bill, if it amount to a thousand pounds! And next year's season, when all London has been made “beautiful for ever,” and female influence and female charms have been restored to their legitimate ascendancy, will dawn on a brighter, a better, and a happier world.

CHINESE ORNAMENT.

THE sale of the very large collection of Chinese porcelain, bronzes, enamels, carvings, &c., formed by Mr. William Russell, which was going on about a fortnight ago, at Messrs. Christie & Manson's, offered an unusually good opportunity for gaining a general estimate of the real merits of the Chinese as art workmen. At the same time, there were in this collection bronze vases supposed to represent the workmanship of these people at a time so remote as 1200 B.C., and many other objects by which the course of Chinese ornamental art might be traced certainly from very ancient times down to the modern enamel work to be seen in the capstand brought from the summer palace of the Emperor. As to the assumed antiquity of these objects, it must always be remembered that it rests entirely on the records of the Chinese as to the dates of the dynasties, certain official marks or signets of which the objects bear. But, as we have not discovered any new reasons why faith should be placed in a people who regard lies and deceit as national virtues, their claims to an acquaintance with so much of the arts as these bronzes show, at that early date, must be regarded with great suspicion. However, if we admitted these dates and then compared the work with that of the Egyptians, which belongs with far greater certainty to a much earlier date, we should see that it is very inferior in ornamental design.

We may look in vain amongst these early Chinese objects for anything equal to the Assyrian work in metal, stone, and ivory; and if we take the Greek antique as the standard it is to see still more plainly how the Chinese, starting from the same archaic ornament, never improved upon it as the Western nations did. Thus it is curious to see the Greek fret ornament perpetually repeated; whether it is upon the earliest vessels in gold and bronze, upon porcelain, modern furniture, or the most recent garden fence in Peking, there is the old fret in stamped work, inlay, painted, or through-cut.

It is so with their architecture, which is ornament in a wide sense. Their houses are all only a more durable form of tent, the roof retaining the curved sweep of the nomad's house of skins; their palaces and temples the mere piling of one of these tent-like chambers on the top of another. Then, as to the supports, to this day their columns are as like tent-poles as possible, having no capitals, and, strictly speaking, are not columns. The ignorance of the Chinese as to the ornamental capabilities of the column is peculiarly characteristic of their style, if we may so dignify their manner; the idea of supplanting their tent-poles by a support

suggesting any natural forms never entered their heads. They would never, like the Egyptians, have invented columns from observing the natural grace of the papyrus stem and flower; or, like the Assyrian, composed the bulls' and horses' heads into capitals. Great imitators, they have remained copyists from themselves for ages. They employ natural forms of every kind about them—plants, flowers, fruits, reptiles, fishes, birds, and beasts—these they more often employ in precise imitation than in conventional treatment, adopting rather than adapting them. Their porcelain vases and bottles are frequently in the shape of gourds, or fish; and their bronze incense-burners are very generally in the form of stags, ducks, cranes, elephants, and other animals, sometimes with the figure of a fakir seated upon them. But we must do them the justice to say that these objects are often cleverly modelled, and the forms of the vases and bottles very carefully and correctly designed, with very pure and rich tints of colour. Still, from the oldest to the most recent we can find no disposition to invent; no such perfection of ornament as is so remarkable in the Greek vases, and none of their delightful fancy in the endless variety of borders and other details; not even the creative faculty to be observed in the painted patterns of an Egyptian mummy-case. The large vases which are now regularly manufactured in China expressly to meet the European taste for Chinese things, differ from the old ones only in their size and inferior quality. In one quarter of a century after the art had been learnt from China the workshops of Dresden, Sèvres, and Worcester had developed it in every direction far higher than the Chinese have ever done, though they possessed the secret of the clays and the colours so early as 163 B.C., and had brought their porcelain to perfection by about 1278 A.D., according to the laborious researches of M. Stanislaus Julien. It is singular that they should not have carried glass-making to any perfection; specimens of an opaque kind of glass, like the Venetian *aventurine*, are very rare. There were two small tortoise-shell coloured vases in the collection we are speaking of evidently ground and polished by the lathe. It is, however, this permanent character which gives Chinese work the style that we see still captivates the connoisseurs, and leads the Beckfords and Bernalds of the day to spend a fortune on crockery. There are still numbers to whom the lines written of Horace Walpole are equally applicable:—

"China's the passion of his soul;
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in his breast,
Inflame with joy, or break his rest."

Many little cups and saucers in this collection of Mr. Russell's were sold for from four to six guineas; one choice set of the old eggshell china, painted crimson, with flowers etched in Indian ink on white medallions, which once belonged to the Beckford collection, realized this price for each cup and saucer, though sold separately.

If there had not been some enthusiastic virtuosi among the Chinese, we should not have seen any of their interesting bronzes; they must have perished in a climate certainly not so favourable for preserving them as that of Egypt. Confucius refers to the museums formed by persons of rank; he mentions Lin-Tze, a minister of state, and Tung Choo (A.D. 200), who were collectors. In the time of Lord Macartney's embassy, the viceroy of Canton, Yuen Yuen, was a great collector. The practice of burying vases with the dead led to many being dug up to be sold to the museums; so that, notwithstanding the edict of Tsin-Che Hwang-Te, the builder of the Great Wall, ordering all memorials of the past to be destroyed, and all books burnt, many have escaped. The oldest ornament seen upon these is the fret-work stamped in a band round the body of the three-legged vessels; and the shape of these rude vases, excepting the legs, is not unlike the earthen vases found in British tumuli. They were used only for religious purposes; those of gold, and with three legs, being significant of the possessor's imperial rank; those of fine copper, with four legs, being for ministers of state; while to the literati were allotted iron vases. In the matter of prize cups, the Chinese are far before us; they gave them as rewards for agriculture in their earliest times, and the cup was preserved as a family honour; many of these bear the words "sheep," "ox," "hog," besides the universal ornamental work in fretted lines, and strange pieces in relief, with something like a rude eye here and there, which was the Chinese artist's way of representing the all-seeing eye of the Almighty One looking out of the clouds and thunder. Generally, too, the dragon Lung, god of rain, is to be traced in the clouds; he is an important ornamental personage on everything—he forms the imperial heraldry, and makes the great figure in the carnival in his honour known as the Feast of Lanterns.

Another ornamental form is the globe in relief, with the strange conventional clouds and thunder as supporters at the sides, perhaps with a few curved lines ending in an involuted spiral. An example of this kind was the vase 718, said to be about 1200 years B.C. 727 and 728 were other examples; and 912, an incense burner, showed the circle enclosed in a raised diamond fret on a tooled ground—a very good piece of ornamental arrangement. The circle is the symbol of perfection, or the male sex; the square represents the female, and inferiority. Fuh he, the founder of the empire (B.C. 3300), laid this down. The handles of these vases are generally formed of some animal's head and neck, often the lynx, a lizard, or the fabulous kylin—a sort of Cerberus, upon whom the Chinese delight to lavish all their powers of displaying the grotesque and the terrible combined. The wine vases are frequently of good form, not unlike the glass we know as a beaker. The ornament upon them is often arranged in a leaf-shape, the point rising towards the brim, as in the beaker 903 in this sale.

In enamel work the Chinese show precisely the same cleverness up to a certain point, without any development. It is evident that they were early familiar with the art, and its application to metal work, but the enamelled cap-stand in this collection shows no advance upon the earliest specimens. They used the *champlevé*, the *cloisonné*, and the painted enamel, but the former processes they excelled in. The best examples have a decided Persian character, noticeable generally on the bowls, as in 337, which has a very elegant running pattern of flowers. No. 332 showed the Persian physiognomy, in the three female musicians playing musical instruments like long shepherds' pipes, very distinctly. Another good example of early work was the oblong tray, 340. In all of these the design is too good for Chinese art; and, moreover, it resembles some modern Turkish enamellings that are very common. The colours are remarkable for purity of tint, as is generally the case. The probability is that the better specimens are due to Persian and other teachings, and the coarser work of the screens and other objects belongs to the Chinese entirely, as the conventional design always shows.

It is remarkable that in painting, as seen on china and other materials, the Chinese show the greatest facility and aptness in imitating natural forms and colours, of flowers especially; and yet they exhibit so little pictorial faculty. Here, again, it would seem they are radically deficient in the true endowments of art. They have not the power to idealize and create a new work from the suggestions of nature; they could not conceive a Doric column, nor carve an Apollo, nor paint a picture. Lumqua, one of their first modern painters of those strange fac-simile figures representing the sort of Rake's Progress of the Opium-eater, said very naively: "What see can do, what no see no can do." This they do also in the solid with equal perfection, as might be observed in the extraordinary toy-group 1239, in Mr. Russell's collection. In this the artist was not satisfied with imitating to the life a Tartar of rank on horseback going hawking with a stout countryman servant and the hawks, but he made the heads and the eyes move with the slightest tremour. This curious example was brought home by Lord Macartney. After all, perhaps, the best example of Chinese art-work, though it is true, a gross, yet glorious caricature,—is the familiar willow-pattern plate of our tables; this may really be studied as a perfect compendium of their art.

The poverty of their design is seen in the way they carry out the imitating principle into all objects of personal use. The hardest stones they cut with infinite labour into the form of fruits, flowers, and animals, where other people far behind them in the actual technical means produce beautiful boxes in chased and engraved metal, with pictures in enamel, with jewels set in ornamental forms and with endless fancy displayed in all kinds of work.

Closely connected with this crude use of natural objects is that love of the grotesque and its brother feeling for the terrible which belong to all people in a primitive or savage state. We find it in the ancient Mexican works of Yucatan, in the American aborigines, in the Islanders of the Pacific, in the Scandinavian and old Norsemen, in our own Norman carvings of monsters that grin at us in sacred places in such incongruous companionship with saints, martyrs, and heroes. Indeed, there are abundant examples of the same condition in the archaic works of the Greeks. It is as if Gibbon's remark, "that the savage tribes of mankind as they approach nearer the condition of animals preserve a stronger resemblance to themselves and to each other," were confirmed by the similarity of the archaic ornament in widely-separated nations. The peculiarity as to the Chinese is, that with great manipulative skill, extraordinary imitative faculty, and some chemical art, their art has never felt the influence of moral and intellectual culture, and therefore it remains barbaric in intention, however admirable

as workmanship. As M. Emile Montégut so well says:—"Le génie de l'artiste n'est pas tout dans les arts, il lui faut une matière sur laquelle il puisse s'exercer, et cette matière sa volonté est impuissante à lui donner; c'est l'humanité qui fournit à l'artiste cette matière morale."

A RAGGED CHURCH.

THIS is a peculiar and characteristic institution. To a common mind it seems a repellant rather than attractive name. It appears like an attempt to destroy that beautiful feature so well defined in the words, "the rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all." But a thorough consideration of the facts will modify this fear, and vindicate the expediency, at least, of such an experiment. There is a class of our fellow-creatures so steeped in vice and dirt, that it is impossible to endure their promiscuous mixing with an ordinary congregation. This is not mere affectation. It is painfully real. The case, therefore, resolves itself into this:—Either you must insist on their weekly baptism in hot water, with plenty of soap, on the Sunday morning, and furnish them with clean shirts and trousers or petticoats, which they would to a certainty pawn or sell for gin on the Monday, or you must localize them in some part of the parish church or other place of congregation, within restrictive and impassable barriers. Now it does seem, to our mind, much less objectionable and less annoying to their *amour propre*, to give them a place of worship entirely their own, into which they may stately come, and neither take nor give offence. It must never be forgotten, in any discussion of the merits of this question, that ragged churchmen are not decent labourers or mechanics, or what is called the working classes. They are tramps, beggars, or people of nameless condition, wrecks of a life of drunkenness and vice, who, if invited and welcomed, will not enter a regular place of worship. They form a caste, as plainly marked as if they were a distinct race from that of the English people.

An experiment of this kind has been carried on for ten years in a place called Brewer's-court, Wild-street, Drury-lane, the centre of a district more degraded, more destitute, and more demoralized than is to be found in any of the eastern districts of London. Every Sunday morning, at eleven o'clock, 200 miserable-looking specimens of the human family assemble in the ragged church there, famished, wretchedly clad, and dirty, beyond the power of description. The psalmody with which the service begins is very imperfect; the attitude and aspect of the worshippers, at first sight, are anything but encouraging. Some grown lads did not understand at first whether they were to kneel or sit or fall on their faces or stand upon their heads during prayers. Of the 200, some forty are able to read, and one, perhaps the begging-letter-writer, has reached the accomplishment of writing. From thirty to forty of the congregation partake of the Communion once a quarter. These are the more advanced and better instructed, who have been recovered from a life of evil, trained and taught by the minister; and it is to the credit of his labours that scarcely any great delinquency has hitherto disgraced them since they joined. During the winter months, a loaf of bread is distributed to each worshipper by the minister after he has pronounced the benediction, for which he has many willing and waiting recipients, as might be supposed. Several instances of lasting moral impression and elevation have occurred. The ragged child in the school has led the minister to the ragged parent, and the ragged parent in the church on Sunday has guided the minister to the ragged family on the Monday. A neighbouring congregation furnishes, by subscription, funds to defray the cost of this experiment. Its members frequently respond to appeals made to their benevolence, in the shape of clothes and medical comforts for the most destitute or the sick. A very interesting proof of what may be done at little cost in a case of this kind, is worth recording as a hint to others. A kind-hearted gentleman, having one day listened to the annual sermon in aid of the funds of the Ragged Church and School, came into the vestry at the close of the service, and said that, while at sea in his yacht, his crew had often caught great quantities of fish, which, having no use for it, they cast into the sea again. If the minister of the Ragged Church would undertake to distribute a hamper-full of good fish among this destitute people, he would send, carriage paid, a large hamper containing soles, flounders, and skate. This he did on three successive occasions, and the destitute poor received each a good fish dinner, to their great and rare satisfaction. A benevolent lady likewise finds sewing for women who have no children, and situations for girls who can be trusted. But the great perplexity is what to do with convicted lads, expired ticket-of-leave men, and jail-birds. These have lost their character, and to them stealing or begging, or both, are sheer necessities. It might surely be possible

to find even for these some sort of hard work, to which no responsibility or temptation is attached.

It is interesting to notice that on Tuesday, March the 10th, the 200 miserable men and women who form the ragged church, with their 300 ragged children, sat down to a capital dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, furnished by a few friends, the minister presiding, and in cups of ale sufficient they drank health and happiness to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and wound up all with "God save the Queen."

We may here remark, that it is surely of no slight importance that the ignorant, degraded, vicious, who do exist among the London poor, should be brought into contact with the grand and elevating lessons of religion; also that they should be, to some extent, relieved in poverty, and introduced, where it is possible, to employment. Assuredly it must exert a healing and restorative and kindly influence on men who feel they have sunk so low, to see disinterested persons encountering prodigious difficulties, and very disagreeable incidents, simply to do them good. No beneficent effort is unfruitful at last. Every attempt to do good must at some time, and somewhere, and in some degree succeed. It is a heartless cynicism which tries to make out that every such effort is a failure, and which loves to deride the work of charity which it cannot appreciate.

It is impossible to doubt that such an institution contributes in its degree in more ways than one to lessen the amount of vice, ignorance, and wretchedness that was set forth in our account of an "unilluminated spot," amid the late universal blaze. It is not by comprehensive and magnificent schemes for converting the world, but by each one weeding and cultivating the garden that surrounds his own residence, that real and lasting good is done.

ART AND SCIENCE.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE Suffolk-street Gallery, which opened on Monday last with the fortieth annual exhibition, containing nearly a thousand pictures, shows us what a large and meritorious class of artists there is who are pursuing their art without the pale of the Academy. The thirty members form a chartered body, whose talents have long been recognized by the general public, and they attract around them a multitude of painters who choose this gallery as their arena, rather than venture among the glittering crowd of the Academy, where they might either be lost in the upper or the lower regions, or even be shut out altogether. The misfortune of having a *quasi* National Academy, with a gallery very much too small, and a chartered society with abundant space, is that the ambitious Dædalus, having tried his wings in the lower sphere, either soars away to the Academy, or reserves his best efforts for that Parnassus. So it is that we find this gallery always well adorned with the works of the members, but rarely with any striking effort of genius from younger men. The present exhibition, however, is superior to most that we remember of late years, though we may not be able to point to any work remarkable for the highest qualities of art.

Mr. Salter's large historical picture, representing the interview which took place at Caversham, near Reading, between Charles I. and his children, in the presence of Cromwell, resembles his picture of last year, and shows the same facility of treating a subject with a certain picturesqueness and pleasing colouring distributed amongst the costumes and the figures. The king, dressed in rich black velvet, braided with gold, seated at one side of the group, with his three children, splendidly attired, clinging round him, bows his head as if to receive a kiss from the little princess, while Cromwell, gaunt and stern, stands looking on. The subject is a fine one, and could Mr. Salter have painted it in a less courtly manner, with more of the unaffected simplicity that inevitably belongs to all such touching scenes, whether in the hut or the palace, he would have succeeded better. It is not enough to paint the big tear upon Cromwell's iron cheek, and to give the king the unruffled exterior of dignified presence; we crave something more, however excellent the mere painting may be.

Mr. Hurlstone has always pursued a manner of his own, the very opposite of the style of careful imitation and high finish now so much in vogue. Rich tone of colour and characteristic expression he prefers to accurate detail. That he has produced many admirable works in this particular vein we well know, but his "Seville" (207), and "Boy with a Lamb" (460), would tax the charity of most critics rather severely, and remembering the verse of Pope's essay quoted so apologetically on the catalogue, we are content to regard the artist's intention rather than his work.

The landscape painters of the society are more happy in their productions. There are several pictures by Mr. Pyne, who this year contributes no less than ten pictures, which come near to the very perfection of landscape art. They are true to nature, without being too literal a transcript—a quality which, in these days of photography and close imitation, is as delightful and refreshing as it is rare, and they always evince feeling for the most beautiful effects, in proportion striking us with the more force. Occasionally,

as in 227, "*In faccia del sole*," he goes to the extreme of fanciful colouring, painting trees all pink, and the smooth river reflecting on its surface the glowing sky flecked with clouds more vividly than in the real heavens. Still, his pictures have always this inspiring charm of touching the imagination of the spectator; they are never dull paint.

Mr. Vicat Cole is one of the most promising painters of the society. His "*Surrey Cornfield*," first exhibited here, deserved all that was said of it in the International Exhibition; but of the three small works in this gallery none can be said quite to equal his former productions. 95, "*The Road on the Heath*," is a fine bold painting, though on a small canvas. The best feature in it is the broad rising ground of heather, thrown into deep shadow by a passing cloud, in strong contrast to the rolling hills beyond and the delicate grey of the distance. The road, dipping here and there into the dells, entices the eye into the distance, and suggests the delight of a ramble over those breezy downs. The little water-colour drawing of a beech copse is another charming work; but the picture 295, "*Harvesting*," is a very matter-of-fact production, a thought of the studio, not of the open fields.

Mr. S. R. Percy never paints a bad picture; he is far too accomplished an artist ever to fail in his intention. We have often been astonished at the vivid effects of his brush, but never more than in his picture (290) of a gorgeous sunset in the mountain valley of the Lledr, N. Wales. Immensely clever it is as a feat of painting, but we feel, in standing before such flaming canvases, that they somewhat "o'erstep the modesty of Nature." They have none of the *morbidezza* that suggests the transient beauty which is so fascinating in the real evening effects of Nature's painting.

Mr. A. Gilbert's landscape (313), "*Morning: the mist clearing off*," challenges criticism in a similar way to Mr. Percy's picture, though in this case the artist has worked with more modesty, if we may use the term, and consequently with more success, in striving to catch the lovely tints of early morning. A silvery mist is hanging over a wide morass, with a lake edged in with reeds; a clump of starved fir-trees stand up in the barren ground, and beyond are the mountains, above which rises the bright sun like a ball of molten silver. Had the painter been satisfied with a suggestion of the sun his picture would have been more truthful and in better taste; as it is, he reminds us of paint by his attempt at a sun, and dispels the dream called up in the mind by the admirably truthful painting of the landscape. There is no kind of art in which the power of reserve or suggestiveness is so necessary as in painting, if our artists could but think so. Slovenly coarseness is one thing, smooth facility and flat imitation is another extreme, but the question is whether there is not a just mean between these two. To illustrate the point, we should compare this picture with a similar subject, 138, "*Ben Lomond*," by Mr. A. Clint, in which perhaps something too much is left to the imagination.

Mr. H. I. Boddington, in 155, "*The Close of an Autumnal Day*, N. Wales," comes nearer to the mark of being neither too vague nor too precise and matter of fact. This is one of the best landscapes in the gallery.

Mr. W. W. Gosling seems to have become confirmed in his peculiar manner of painting—very smooth, rather opaque water, and trees that seem to be taken from the photographic model, not copied from the photograph, but painted under the belief that what the photograph represents must be true, which is a most false doctrine. All Mr. Gosling's work shows a feeling for nature that ought to lead to a less theoretical method, both of observing and painting.

Mr. G. Cole's landscapes have generally a particular excellence of warmth and richness of tone; his sunlight spreads through the picture and gives a certain charm which the somewhat trite subject would otherwise lack. In No. 31, "*The Approaching Storm—the Last Load*," there is great originality and force, almost too much force, for the sky is rather violent in colouring. There are some fine passages in the picture, however, which will appeal to every eye that has watched this peculiar effect.

Mr. F. W. Hulme's landscape, "*A Water Lane, near Oakham, Surrey*," deserves to be mentioned amongst the best of the conventional landscapes of the Exhibition. Under this head also are to be noticed several good pictures by Mr. Tennant, Mr. Thayer, Mr. J. Syer, Mr. Pettitt, Mr. J. J. Wilson, and Mr. J. C. Ward, all members of the society. Mr. Woolmer has perhaps never been more happy in those delicious fancies of colour for which his pencil has long been unrivalled. It is easy to find faults and defects in these, but we are disposed to sympathize with the painter's dreams of his dainty ladies, with golden locks and pearly skins, luxuriating at their jewelled toilet, or as nymphs idling in the shade of some sparry grotto. No. 180, "*Belinda Awakening*," is really a most fascinating suggestion from the "*Rape of the Lock*." The extreme delicacy of the tints in these pictures, and the neat drawing of the figure, are the redeeming points in these works, which would otherwise scarcely take much rank in art.

Mr. T. Roberts contributes several carefully-studied figure pictures, all showing ability and genuine feeling for his art. Where, as we think, he wants study, is in the choice of colour and the selection of better models. 87, "*Reading the Scriptures*," which is his most finished picture, is painted with excellent technique, only in too precise and formal a style as regards the composition, and especially in the treatment of the draperies, which want motive. In his other picture there is a terrible crudity of colour between the reds and strong yellow of the dresses.

Mr. J. Hayllar's "*Fresh Eggs*" (294) is an admirable example

of delicate colouring and accurate representation of character. The blue apron and sleeves of the old market-woman, her red dress, with green cabbages, form a mixture of colours that an artist with a less delicate sense of the delightful harmonies of colour would have rendered hideous.

Mr. W. Bromley has several clever pictures in domestic genre. 299, "*Playing at Buttons*," and 69, "*The School*," are favourable specimens of his talent. No. 670, "*A Jug of Ale and Pipe*" is a capital bit of character; it represents a gamekeeper just taking the glass filled by a buxom maid of the inn.

Mr. R. Physick, jun., amongst the animal painters, has been most successful in his picture 375, "*A Goat and Kids*." The white goat is beautifully painted, and the kids are full of the expression of young life.

There are some unusually good examples of still life and fruit painting. No. 328, "*Fruit, Flowers, &c.*," by Mr. W. H. Ward, surpasses in minute finish anything of its kind by modern painters, and equals the exquisite painting of Van Huysom and Woenix.

No. 245, by Mr. Anderson, is also a surprisingly beautiful piece of still life, in which the splendid colours of the peacock, pheasant, partridge, and white pigeon are harmonized with ripe grapes and pears, with astonishing skill.

MUSIC.

At the second concert of the Vocal Association on Friday week, a new cantata was produced, the music by an amateur lady-composer, Miss Virginia Gabriel. The scene of "*Dreamland*," as the cantata is entitled, is laid in the Desert during the halt of a caravan on its journey to Mecca; and the composer has sought to give a picturesque character and something like local colour to her music. The work, which consists of choruses, solos, and duets, had every advantage in its performance by such vocalists as Mdlle. Parepa, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Winn; it wanted, however, the contrasts and effects of those orchestral accompaniments which are doubtless comprised in the original score. The pianoforte duet accompaniment by which the voices were sustained on the occasion to which we are referring, although extremely well played, was scarcely sufficient to portray that character and colour which the composer seems to have endeavoured to express.

Miss Gabriel's music, if not strikingly original, is melodious and flowing in style, well written for the voices, and generally put together with a musician-like skill, for which the lady is probably much indebted to her studies under that excellent master of composition, Herr Molique.

The remainder of the concert was, to a large extent, of that miscellaneous and purposeless character which the Vocal Association should rise superior to. Among the pieces which stood out conspicuous from much that was merely *ad captandum*, were Mendelssohn's "*Hear my prayer*," sung by Mdlle. Parepa and chorus, with organ accompaniment; the same composer's pianoforte rondo capriccioso, cleverly played by Mdlle. Michelin; and some German "*Lieder*," sung with great force and characteristic expression by Madame Theresa Ellinger, from the Imperial Opera, Vienna. This lady's singing gave indication of her being a dramatic artist of great power and accomplishment. The style in which the choir of the Vocal Association executes the choral music is generally so satisfactory that we would gladly see the programmes of these concerts consist more largely of standard works.

During the week the "*Messiah*" has been given at Exeter Hall, both by the National Choral Society and the Sacred Harmonic Society. The Crystal Palace programmes, too, have included a performance of sacred music appropriate to the period.

The Royal Academy of Music gave its first concert of the season on Saturday last; when, among other students, Miss Westbrook (soprano), Mr. H. Harper (violin), and Miss Josephine Williams, distinguished themselves by their respective performances.

Studies for the pianoforte,* like studies for the draughtsman, are essential to the acquirement of a thorough command of manipulative skill. As the artist requires a long course of exercise in the various details and figures which go to make up a composition, so the pianist must bestow much labour and separate attention on the special difficulties of his instrument. The mere practice of "*pieces*" will, alone, scarcely impart thorough readiness of finger and suppleness of wrist, because the mechanical difficulties are constantly changing their form; whereas in "*studies*," properly so called, each exercise is based on some particular kind of passage, the constant reiteration of which throughout renders it familiar both mentally and mechanically. Some modern "*studies*," in which this principle is not kept in view, are in reality not "*studies*," but would be more properly entitled "*preludes*." In most of the studies of the best masters, from Clementi, Steibelt, and Cramer, down to Moscheles, Czerny, and Chopin, the principle just laid down is closely adhered to; but many recent works of this class are little more than a collection of passages strung together without purpose or order. Mr. Deacon's "*Studies*" are among the best that have appeared of late. Each exercise has a distinct object in facilitating some peculiar difficulty of the instrument, while every separate piece is constructed with the skill of an accom-

* First Set of Twenty-four Studies for the Pianoforte. By H. C. Deacon, Book I. E. W. Ollivier.

plished musician, and possesses an interest apart from the mechanical purpose which is the primary object. Mr. Deacon has evidently studied in the best schools, and has a thorough command of the elaborations of modern pianoforte mechanism; and his "Studies," while admirable as finger exercises, have a character, a grace, and elegance by no means usual in this form of composition.

THALLIUM, THE NEW METAL.

BETWEEN the discovery of the new metal, thallium, recently made known by Crookes, and the discovery of selenium by Berzelius, there is a singular coincidence of circumstances. Both took the refuse of a sulphuric acid factory, both were searching for a substance which disturbed their ordinary analyses, and both suspected tellurium as the agent of the anomalies that had occurred. Berzelius found the new element, selenium, and Crookes, by spectrum analysis, the new metal which, from the single green line it yields in its spectrum, and the peculiar green colour which it gives to flame, he has called thallium, from the Greek *thallos*, a bud. The original discovery, and many subsequent particulars, we have already recorded in our pages. Since the award of the Exhibition medals to Mr. Crookes for the original discovery, and to M. Lamy, the near relative of Kuhlmann the great Belgian manufacturing chemist, for the presumed first extraction of the metal in its purely metallic state, a strong controversy for the priority of discovery had taken place in the continental journals. The discovery of a new metal is not an event of everyday occurrence, and no new metal proper has been discovered in this country since 1807, when potassium, sodium, and other alkaloid metals were eliminated by Davy, by means of the galvanic battery, from substances already suspected to be metallic oxides. Crookes, therefore, was not likely to permit, nor, indeed, would he, for national credit, have been justified in allowing a foreigner unchallenged to appropriate an honour which belonged to himself and his country—although the Exhibition prize-awards' eyes were open more readily to the desires of a clever foreigner than to the just rights of an English exhibitor. The subject of thallium being again before the English public—the new metal having formed the topic of last week's Friday evening lecture at the Royal Institution, we are glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of confirming Mr. Crookes' full right, not only to the discovery, but that of the first elimination of the metal, having ourselves been shown by Crookes the wonderful green line in the spectrum in 1861, and a small disc of the metal itself in January, 1862,—dates earlier than any referred to by Lamy in the late controversy.

We very lately commented on what seems unfortunately no rarity now in the scientific world, the desire of some not strictly conscientious individuals to appropriate the inventions or discoveries of others, and it is with great pain that we are compelled to think somewhat disparagingly of the conduct of M. Lamy. It might have been that he had, and did, make the discovery, independently of Crookes, of the green line in the spectrum; it might have happened, and possibly did happen, that he did examine accidentally the same kind of seleniferous deposit from a vitriol factory unconscious of Crookes having done the same. It might have been that M. Lamy was in ignorance of the notice of the discovery recorded in this journal, in the *Philosophical Magazine*, in the *Chemical News*, in our Paris contemporary, *Cosmos*, and other journals. It may be that M. Lamy can reconcile the fact that he did knowingly appropriate Crookes's term for the new element, and yet have been neither aware of the English chemist's discovery nor of the facts, well known in scientific circles, in the winter of 1861, as to its true metallic nature. Such things are possible, but not likely, in the case of a member of the eminent commercial firm of Kuhlmann, of Lille; and the suspicion will rise in one's mind that it is more probable that M. Lamy had read or heard of thallium, and used the unrivalled resources of his relative's manufactory to outlive and anticipate the English chemist, who had to manipulate with 3 lb. or 4 lb. samples only, containing a total of 3 grains (!) of thallium, with small apparatus, in a private house, while the whole resources of the most wonderful laboratory in Europe, with tons of the refuse material, were available to M. Lamy.

The circumstances of the case are really these:—In March, 1861, Crookes discovered and showed to his friends the spectral green line of Thallium. Lamy admits that he saw it only in May, 1862, for the first time. On the 16th May, at the Agricultural Society of Lille, he exhibited white crystals containing the new element, and thirty or forty grains of the metal reduced by galvanic action. Crookes, however, had placed in the International Exhibition on the 1st May, fifteen days earlier, numerous salts of Thallium, and a sample of the metal itself, which he described on its label as a heavy metal, resembling lead. These labels were printed by Silverlock in the previous April, and the various salts are so described in them as to leave no doubt that at this period Crookes was fully aware of its real and exact metallic nature. The truth is that Crookes had reduced the metal from some of its salts in September, 1861, but having had a grant from the Royal Society towards the expenses of working out the details of the new element, he wished—a highly commendable desire—to reserve the publication of his facts for his patron the Royal Society's meeting.

But the question of priority is, by the rules laid down by savants, determined by the dates of publication, so that although Crookes might and did discover thallium, and eliminate it in its metallic state nearly a year before his rival, if Lamy had anticipated him

in publication the rights of the original discoverer would have been lost. The exhibition at the International Exhibition was, however, a *bona fide* publication; and so, really, Crookes has both priority of discovery and elimination and in dates of publishing.

The controversy has now dwindled, we believe, to an assertion by M. Lamy that Crookes did not know it was a true metal,—a position completely untenable, and known to be incorrect by every Englishman who is acquainted with the progress of science during the past two years. To this controversy, however, Mr. Crookes, with the most commendable modesty and abnegation of self, made not the slightest allusion in his discourse, but gave M. Lamy full credit for his independent labours. His lecture was devoted to the history of the discovery of thallium, and the methods of its extraction, its salts and compounds, and their actions and reactions, its properties and possible use, and in putting before his auditory, in a most lucid and popular form, all that is known respecting it.

In his early experiments, as we have stated, Mr. Crookes laboured under great disadvantages from paucity of material, but having subsequently detected that the refuse of the Spanish pyrites used in the sulphur-works was highly thalliferous, Dr. Thornthwaite has placed large quantities of this refuse at his disposal; and, as means are being taken, by an alteration of the flues in some of those manufactories where these pyrites are used in thousands of tons, to collect that hitherto waste material, we may shortly expect to have thallium a comparatively common metal if any commercial or economic use can be found for it. At present, however, none has been suggested except the minor one, that its peculiar and brilliant green colour would be attractive in pyrotechnic displays and advantageous for signal-lights. It might be available for rifle bullets. By the admirable method introduced by Tyndall of projecting images on a screen by means of the electric light, its brilliant and most remarkable green band was shown to the audience, standing out beyond the prismatic spectrum of the electric light itself by the force of its brightness like an incandescent bar actually placed some inches in front; and then, by a dexterous manipulation of the light the green line was exhibited singly by itself upon a perfectly dark background.

The metal is very soft and heavy. Lead scratches it as iron does lead; and the finger-nail makes a deep indentation. A knife cuts it like cheese. It possesses the remarkable property of welding together while cold, and has extraordinary ductility. Its proper solvent is nitric acid. It marks paper like black-lead, and the writing, examined by reflected light, has a golden appearance. This, however, in a few hours fades all but entirely away; the writing, however, being readily restored by a solution of an alkaline sulphide. Its electrical properties have been investigated by Dr. Matthieson. It conducts electricity much in the proportion that lead does; and for a metal of its class is therefore a tolerably good conductor. But its dia-magnetic properties are very remarkable, and in this respect it stands second only to bismuth, the most dia-magnetic of all substances. It is highly volatile, the metallic fumes flying rapidly off under the ordinary blow-pipe. It has the greatest affinity for oxygen, and its actual brightness can only be seen by following the cutting-knife, so rapidly does it tarnish. If the coating of oxide be removed under water, the new surface will remain bright for a considerable period immersed in that fluid. Various re-actions of salts of thallium, lead, silver, &c., were shown in proof of its exact metallic nature, and its alliance with the lead class of metals. But the most beautiful experiments exhibited in his lecture by Mr. Crookes, next to the exhibition of the green line itself, was the display, by means of the electric light and three Grove's batteries, of the actual crystallization of metallic thallium from a solution of its sulphate, the fern-like fronds formed by the crystals branching out between the poles of the battery with surpassing gracefulness and elegance. In respect to the position of thallium among the elements, Mr. Crookes has well observed that observers generally err in regarding natural bodies as so many links in a perfect chain, and facts are frequently strained in order to make them agree with preconceived opinion. In such a group as chlorine, bromine, and iodine, there are doubtless three consecutive links, but most frequently nature should be looked upon more as a perfect net than as a perfect chain. In seeking for the chemical relationships of thallium, at first sight it might appear to belong to the group of alkali-metals on account of its forming a readily soluble highly alkaline oxide, as also that it forms an insoluble platino-chloride; but, on the other hand, its physical characters, chemical reactions, and high atomic weight, prove incontestably that its true position is close to lead and silver. For the answer to the question—What is its use? we must probably wait until it is procured by the ton at no greater cost than it is now by the ounce; for the practical uses of a body depend and keep pace generally with its abundance. In the form of an alloy, however, its uses may soon possibly be very great, as it readily mixes with many metals, and communicates to them valuable properties.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

DR. JOULE has communicated to the Manchester Philosophical Society an account of a new and extremely sensitive thermometer. Having remarked on the disturbing influences of currents of air on finely-suspended magnetic needles, he conceived the idea of making use of them as a delicate test of temperature; and this idea he has carried into practice with results exceeding his expectation. A glass tube, two feet long and four inches in diameter, is divided

longitudinally by a blackened pasteboard diaphragm, leaving spaces at the top and bottom each a little over an inch. In the top space a bit of magnetized needle, furnished with a glass index, is suspended by a single filament of silk, forming an arrangement like that of a bratticed coal-pit shaft. The slightest excess of temperature on one side over that on the other must occasion a circulation of air which will ascend on the heated side, and, after passing across the fine glass index, will descend on the other side. It is also evident that the sensibility of the instrument may be increased to any required extent by diminishing the directive force of the magnetic needle; and the inventor proposes to make several improvements in his apparatus. In its present condition, however, the heat radiated from a pint of water heated 30° is fully perceptible at a distance of nine feet. A remarkable proof of the extreme sensibility of the instrument was exhibited before the meeting. A beam of moonlight was admitted through a slit in the shutter of the room; and as the beam travelled across the instrument, the index was deflected several degrees, first to the left and then to the right, showing that the air in the thermometer must have been heated to the extent of a few ten-thousandths of a degree by the moon's rays, or by a quantity equivalent to the light absorbed by the blackened surface on which the rays fell.

Among the novelties exhibited at the *soirée* of the Royal Society on Saturday last was a portable standard siphon barometer, by Mr. W. Symons, F.C.S. Many of our readers are no doubt familiar with Gay-Lussac's siphon-barometer, and probably, but for two defects, it would be much more used. It is difficult to make portable, and it requires two distinct readings, which must be added together to get the right result. In the instrument exhibited, these objections are removed. It is rendered portable by a very simple but effectual contrivance, and it is read off as an ordinary standard, or, in fact, much more easily.

At the Institute of British Architects an exceedingly interesting paper was read by the Rev. John Louis Petit, M.A., F.S.A., on the "Abbeys of Ireland," illustrated by a profusion of original sketches. Mr. Gordon Hills, associate, added much valuable information, which he had gleaned in personal investigation in the same field of the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Ireland, and he exhibited many original plans and drawings of the most interesting abbeys that had been alluded to by Mr. Petit.

At the British Archaeological Association the chairman (Mr. Pettigrew) exhibited a charter, 15th Edward III., giving to the Prior and convent De Bello Loco (Newstead) the manor of North-Muskam, Notts; Mr. Wentworth, of Woolley Park, a Placita in an action at Nisi Prius, 31st Edward III.,—Jean Voy, of Pontefract, versus Sir Peter de Maulay, of Doncaster, Knight; also an Inquisitio post Mortem with regard to the estate of the same Jean Voy, dated 43rd Edward III. Mr. Gunston, two bone tubes; apparently the handles of large implements, found in Egypt. Mr. Gunston also exhibited a small bone haft of early date, incised on each side with two lines of chevrons, found in Clerkenwell, and a triangular blade of bone, probably a spatula, found with Roman antiquities in Southwark. Mr. Clarence Napper forwarded a notice fixing the date of the decease of Bogo de Clare, 23rd Edward I., a man of large property, whose daily expenditure had been laid before the Association, as illustrative of the domestic manners of that reign, by the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne. He possessed the fruits of Thatcham and Chievely, Berks, which, upon his decease, passed to Nicholas, Bishop of Sarum. Dr. Lee exhibited a Chinese teapot representing various fruits, seeds, &c., peculiar to the reign of Kang-Hi (1661–1723). Mr. T. Gunston exhibited a bronze statuette of a Satyr, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches high, belonging to the pseudo-antique class of the 15th and 16th centuries, and an early example of the cheek-piece of a powerful bit, of cast brass, the extremities having dragons' heads, found in Southwark. The papers read were "On the various kinds of ancient snufflers," by Mr. Lumney, and a paper written by the Chairman, "On Thuribles," giving their history, and an account of the most remarkable specimens in gold, silver, copper, bronze, and terra-cotta. Examples were produced by Mr. Pettigrew, Mr. Forman, Mr. Fitch, and others.

The first of a second series of high ascents was made by Mr. Glaisher on Tuesday last from the Crystal Palace, in Mr. Coxwell's balloon. At seventeen minutes past four p.m. the balloon was liberated; wind sharp and fresh from S.E. The course of the balloon was at first slowly upward, with very little horizontal motion; a stiller ascent, and therefore more suited for the purpose, could not be imagined. At the height of two miles the balloon stood over Clapham; but at this elevation it encountered a south-west current, which wafted it over the south-east part of London to Deptford and the Isle of Dogs, where it rose to four miles and a half, the thermometer standing at zero, a higher temperature than was expected at this season; Mr. Glaisher's pulse beating 97, Coxwell's 98, per minute. The descent was made at half-past six, at Graysham Hall, Barking, Essex.

In respect to our comments on his suggestion of the possible auroral nature of the "red flames" of the sun, Mr. Balfour Stewart writes to us, that when remarking on the nature of these red flames, observed during a total eclipse of the sun, and which have been found in one instance to extend a distance of 70,000 miles above the sun's photosphere, he did not suppose that the solar atmosphere cannot reach to this distance. The intention of his remarks was, that "in seeking to explain appearances which extend to such a vast height, we are naturally inclined to resort to those phenomena which require the smallest amount of atmosphere for their manifestation—such, for instance, as the terrestrial aurora." With this explanation, he thinks "his reference to Mr. Cassiot's experiments

will become quite plain, since, although auroral, if they be electric currents, they will only require the smallest conceivable amount of atmosphere for their manifestation, yet those experiments show that these cannot exist in an absolute void; and hence their greatest height may enable us to assign a limit, not only to our own atmosphere, but possibly also to that of our luminary." While we do not concur in the opinion of the auroral nature of these red flames, we print Mr. Stewart's explanation with much pleasure, our sincere desire being to represent individual *savants*, as well as science, with the utmost precision and fairness.

THE PAST WEEK.

HOME.

PARLIAMENT.

On Friday, the 27th, the case of Poland was again brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Hennessy, who asked Lord Palmerston what had been done by the Government, and how far it had accepted or refused joint action with France? Lord Palmerston replied that the Government had made a communication to that of Russia, and was also in communication with the Government of France, for the purpose of joint action of a diplomatic character, and with other Governments, parties to the treaty of Vienna. He hoped that, after Easter, the Government might be able to lay papers on the subject before the House. Mr. Layard gave a history of the maltreatment of Mr. Finkenstein, a British subject, who had fallen into the hands of the Russians, observing that a more disgraceful and discreditable outrage was never perpetrated. It appears that Mr. Finkenstein crossed from Cracow into Poland with a Polish lady, who asked to be allowed to travel in his car. On crossing the frontier they were stopped by the Russian guard, who, after inspecting the gentleman's passport, allowed them to pass on. At some distance from the frontier they fell in with a party of Russian troops, who stopped them during the night, and said they must be sent on to the General. A party of insurgents were in the distance; and as the travellers were being escorted to the General, together with a number of captives, firing commenced. On the instant the Russian soldiers seized and murdered the captives and the lady; took Mr. Finkenstein out of the car, stripped him, inflicted about thirty-eight wounds on him, and left him for dead. The two officers present did their best, according to Mr. Finkenstein's statement, to prevent this outrage. While lying on the ground, Mr. Finkenstein was found by the Polish general, Langiewicz, who, perceiving signs of life in him, had him removed to Cracow. Lord Bloomfield, as soon as he heard of the case, sent a person to Mr. Finkenstein to learn the full particulars, and this statement was taken down from Mr. Finkenstein's own words. Mr. Finkenstein was still alive. The Government had sent out orders for a full inquiry into the whole case; and though there was some doubt whether Mr. Finkenstein was a British subject, yet, if he should prove to be one, full reparation, it was to be hoped, would be obtained.

The fitting out in British ports of vessels of war for the Confederate States, was the subject of a question addressed to the Government by Mr. W. E. Forster, who pointed out the danger to our friendly relations with the United States which arose from this practice. The Solicitor-General vindicated the Government and the Customs' authorities from the charges of delay and want of vigilance in dealing with these transactions. Mr. T. Baring and Mr. Bright thought the Government to blame in not preventing them. Mr. Laird read accounts of the large supplies of arms and munitions of war obtained by the North from this country; and mentioned applications which had been made to him on the part of the Northern Government for armed vessels, offering to place the original letters in the hands of the Speaker or the Prime Minister. Lord Palmerston lamented the proneness in America to raise a party cry against England, which he hoped would not be carried too far, as it had a tendency to endanger the friendly relations between the two countries. He regretted that speeches should be uttered in the House of Commons calculated to encourage that cry, and defended the Government from the charges brought against it.

With regard to the seizure of the *Peterhoff* by Admiral Wilkes, Mr. Layard said that the facts submitted to the Government were furnished by the owners, and they could not take immediate action upon this statement which had been laid before the law officers of the crown. The House adjourned for the Easter holidays.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On Monday, at one o'clock, Lord Palmerston was installed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. It had been found that the capacity of the University Common Hall would not meet the demand for tickets of admission; and St. John's parish church was therefore fixed upon for the installation. Here Lord Palmerston held forth to an assembly of 1,700 persons upon the benefits and mysteries of education, with his happy versatility, not neglecting as he went along to throw in a well-turned and well-deserved compliment to the achievements of Scotchmen in the fields of learning, science, and literature. In the evening the Premier was entertained in the City Hall at a magnificent banquet, to which 900 persons sat down. As he was met with deafening shouts of applause when he came forward on the platform in St.

John's, robed in the black silk gown, trimmed with bullion tassels and fringe meet for a Lord Rector; so, in the City Hall, his name had but to be mentioned to raise a tumult of enthusiasm. Whether lecturing the students on the utilities of chemistry and geology, or descanting on the policy of his Government, he was, as he always is, at home. But what principally charmed the citizens of Glasgow, was the expression of his uncompromising determination to maintain the honour of the country at all hazards. This is the link between Lord Palmerston and the nation which, more even than the buoyant ease with which he meets and surmounts every difficulty, places him in cordial sympathy with the people. He has been somewhat provoked of late by the Anglophobia of the Yankees, and the countenance they have found from Mr. Bright and others; and in his speech at the Glasgow banquet he seemed to repeat the warning he gave in the House of Commons on Friday week, that America might provoke us a little too far. It was not so difficult a task, he said, as at first sight it might appear, to maintain the honour and dignity of the country, but at the same time to preserve it in peace. For, while it would not permit its rulers to engage rashly in unwarrantable enterprises, "there is, on the other hand, a determined spirit in the British nation which will not suffer itself to be wronged, which will not brook insult, which is ever ready to repel aggression, and which, by maintaining within itself the means of adequate defence, will teach other nations of the world that, while we refrain from aggression, while we are determined to commit no wilful injury, while we are resolved to infringe no right belonging to others—on the other hand, *Noli me tangere*." Refreshed by his journey to Scotland, and his two orations in Glasgow on Monday, Lord Palmerston set out on Tuesday for Greenock, where he was entertained in the Town Hall with a collation, at which covers were laid for 300. Here he made two speeches, and as soon as the feast was over, took the train back to Glasgow, and at 8 in the evening was present at a *soirée* of the working class, attended by 2,000 persons, in the City Hall. An address, signed by 50,000 of the operatives of Glasgow, was presented to him, which called forth a third speech, the report of which occupies two columns of the *Times* newspaper. On Wednesday the noble Lord received an addition to his many titles of honour, in the membership of the Glasgow Gaiter club, which was conferred upon him at a breakfast of the club. Immediately afterwards he took the train to Edinburgh, where in the Queen-street Hall he was presented by the Lord Provost with the burgess ticket, conveying the freedom of the city, "the most honourable tribute of respect," said the Lord Provost, "which it is in our power to bestow." Lord Palmerston, in a lengthy speech, observed that there were circumstances, personal as well as general, which made the gift peculiarly acceptable to him. "It was within this city," he said, "that I spent three happy years of my life, receiving from the University of Edinburgh part, and I will say the most valuable part, of the instruction which I have received; and therefore, from recollections of 'Auld lang syne,' I value the gift which you have conferred on me." From the Hall he proceeded to the University, received the honorary distinction of LL.D., and made another speech. In the evening at a banquet in the Music Hall, George-street, he made a third oration. The whole week, in fact, has been a testimony to the inexhaustible powers, mental and physical, of our aged Premier.

The Irish convict system has been examined into by Mr. Burton, a member of the Board of Managers of the Scotch prisons, and his report has just been laid before Parliament. Mr. Burton is of opinion that Ireland presents features, religious and social, which render her convict system peculiarly well suited to her, but not to countries where such features do not exist. He accounts for the willingness of the people to receive discharged convicts into their service by observing that the Irish common people look with partiality on any one who has put himself at odds with the law, and have not the aversion to a gaol-bird which the people of Scotland entertain. He fully corroborates all that has been said of the facility with which female convicts obtain employment, even as lady's maids, and, what is more strange, as nursery maids. Employers feel a security in the intervention of the police, and find convicts less exacting and unruly than other labourers. In fact, in the labour market, they enjoy a preference, partly from the fame and popularity of the Irish system of discipline, and from the general desire to co-operate in rendering it successful. A lady told him that since she had employed convict house-servants, she found that she could rely so implicitly on their honesty and regularity, that she had no need to lock up her plate and jewellery. He finds a main source of the success of the Irish system in the fact that the Irish who commit the same crimes as Scotch criminals are not of the same class; are not so much of the profligate class, not so incorrigible; and the great aim is to remove the pressure of want as a motive for crime. The inference is, that crimes in Ireland are committed through pressure of want, and not through the profligacy of the offenders, as in Scotland. Again, Ireland possesses one of the finest *gendarmeries* in the world, and an ordinary convict cannot withdraw from observation, even on the expiration of his sentence, if he continues to live in Ireland. Another source of success is the thorough practical industrial training given to the convict, which, by affording to him the command of subsistence, gives room for the influence of good intentions when they exist. That training gives him a superiority over others in the working classes; whereas the training in England and Scotland raises convicts only to the lower level of capacity for self-support. Much of the success with the female convicts is due, he says, to the

fact that they live under the superintendence of Sisters of Mercy. This arrangement not only places them under the guiding influence of ecclesiastics of their own sex, to whom disobedience is a sort of profanity, but is attended by a separate influence of a secular kind, by keeping them in constant communication with educated gentlewomen. In Ireland, again, much less of the sentence is remitted than in Scotland; and in making the remission, the general character of the convict is regarded, together with his antecedents and his probable conduct on release, which is not done in Scotland. Mr. Burton is of opinion that there are countries where the whole administration of justice must be conducted by the Executive, and that Ireland is in a condition much nearer to such countries than Scotland. Finally, while he confesses himself unable to suggest a single alteration in the Irish system which would render it more suitable to the social and religious condition of the Irish people, he protests against this opinion being construed into an admission that he would desire to extend to Scotland "either the social or religious conditions which have afforded so much opportunity for skilful and philanthropic exertion." It will be seen that Mr. Burton's report is most valuable; but we should be sorry to think with him that there are conditions of society in Scotland or England which render it impossible to transfer to the prisons of either country some at least of the features in the Irish system which has proved so pre-eminent a success.

A singular trial took place at Norwich Assizes on Wednesday, one painfully instructive, if the statement of the counsel for the defence is true, that offences of the nature of that alleged against his client are, in many rural districts, regarded by the lower classes as not grave. The indictment accused Frederick Burrell with having, from motives of lucre, fraudulently allured, taken away, and detained Jane Burrell, a person under 21 years of age, she having a present legal interest in certain estates in Norfolk, out of the possession and against the will of her mother, Mary Ann Hyder, and of her guardian, William Silver Hyder, with intent to marry her, on the 20th of January last; and Henry Richard Burrell with aiding and abetting the said Frederick to commit the aforesaid felony. Jane's mother had married again; and her husband, Mr. Hyder, being a Primitive Methodist, and Jane being a Wesleyan, discussions took place between them, in which the stepfather seems to have given the girl very little comfort in this life or hope for the next. It is said that it was owing to discomfort arising from these theological contests that Jane, instead of going to her mother's house during the Christmas holidays, went to her uncle Henry's, from which, on the 19th of January, she departed with uncle Henry and his wife, and was married next day, at Plumstead, to Frederick Burrell, she being sixteen years of age, and her spouse, a clerk in the Royal Arsenal, twenty-one. There was no doubt that she was interested in landed property to the extent of £50 a year; nor that the Act of Parliament had been violated by her abduction. Thus far, however, there is nothing in the case to call for remark. But it so happens that both the Burrells were her uncles by blood—brothers of her father; and her relation to her husband was thus at once that of niece and wife. This was the offence of which the learned counsel said that, amongst the lower classes, it is not considered grave; and that the experience of the jury would bear witness that such marriages are not uncommon. The judge, Mr. Justice Williams, hoped that this was an error, and that the time would never arrive when an incestuous marriage between uncle and niece will not be regarded with horror in this country. The prisoners were found guilty, but the sentence was respited until certain points, reserved for the opinion of the Court of Criminal Appeal have been decided upon.

The plan for the Albert Memorial recommended by the committee some months back has been laid aside in favour of one more simple, less expensive, and more feasible. By this a single monument is proposed to be erected on the site of the Exhibition of 1851. It is to be an Eleanor Cross, similar to the Martyrs' memorial at Oxford or the monument erected to Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh. The cross is to be a building with an elevation of nearly 300 feet, in the lower part of which is to be placed a statue of the late Prince Consort. The funds in hand will, however, be insufficient for the purpose, and Parliament will probably be asked to make good the deficiency.

The Bishop of Oxford has addressed a pastoral letter to his clergy, observing that as the expostulations of the Bishops has failed to lead Dr. Colenso either to re-consider his views or to resign, it seems to the Bishop and to the great majority of his episcopal brethren, "our plain duty to guard our own dioceses from the ministry of one who is, in our judgment, disqualified for the exercise of any spiritual function in the Church of England." He therefore forbids Dr. Colenso's being suffered to minister in the Word or sacraments within his diocese.

Next to the interest an Englishman takes in his own quarterly returns comes the interest he takes in those of the nation. The returns which on Monday brought us to the close of the financial year show an increase in the Customs, notwithstanding the distress in Lancashire, of £360,000 over the preceding year. In the Excise there is a falling off of £1,177,000. The Property-tax shows an increase of £202,000; and the department called "Miscellaneous" an increase of £1,006,027. On the whole revenue of the year—£70,603,561,—the increase over that of the preceding year, £69,674,479, — is £929,082. Lord Palmerston's promise at

Glasgow that our revenue would be found to be in a satisfactory condition is thus fulfilled.

The University boat-race was run on Saturday, the Oxford crew winning by about twelve boats' lengths. Out of twenty races each University thus claims ten victories. This equality will give increased interest to the race of next year. The start took place at twenty minutes past ten, the Cambridge boat taking the lead, with a quick and somewhat flurried stroke. In a few minutes, however, the Oxford crew, with steady massive stroke, showed in front, and kept and improved their advantage to the end of the race, in spite of the splendid efforts made by the Cantabs to recover it. The latter will do well to abandon their late practice of surrendering the management of their crew into the hands of persons who are not of its number.

On Tuesday, Duncan McPhail and George Woods were tried at the Liverpool Assizes for the murder of Ann Walne at Ribchester, found guilty, and sentenced to death. The case is only noticeable here from the fact that a third prisoner, Daniel Carr, died suddenly a few hours before that fixed for his trial. Since his incarceration in Kirkdale gaol he had been in a depressed state of mind; and, as it was suspected that he was labouring under disease of the heart, he was ordered into the hospital. There he was considered sufficiently well, when the day came, to stand his trial; but, while he was being shaved for that purpose, he suddenly died in the chair in which he was sitting.

FOREIGN.

AMERICA.

It seems doubtful whether the Federals are likely to succeed in getting their naval expedition to the rear of Vicksburg by the Yazoo River; but the reports are as yet indistinct. The expedition was to pass from the Coldwater and the Tallahatchie into the Yazoo; and at first it was reported that it had succeeded, had taken Yazoo City and captured 26 Confederate steamers, and 7,000 prisoners. On the 17th, it was reported at New York that the expedition had reach Haine's Bluff in the outer circle of the Vicksburg lines of defence. Should this prove true, the position of Vicksburg and Port Hudson becomes critical. The Richmond papers of the 18th state that a despatch from Port Hudson had been read in the Confederate Senate which caused a lively sensation, while the *Richmond Whig* of the same date speaks of reverses in the southwest. Against this we have to place a statement of the 19th, that the expedition on reaching Greenwood on the 14th was stopped by a powerful battery. An engagement ensued which lasted the whole day; after which the expedition retired three miles up the Tallahatchie, or one hundred and fifty miles above Yazoo. On the same day the Federal force, under Admiral Farragut, was repulsed before Port Hudson. The Federal steamer, *Mississippi*, was burnt by the Confederate shells; and Admiral Farragut's flag-ship, the *Hartford*, was disabled, and retired towards Baton Rouge. The schemes of the Federals to turn the course of the Mississippi have resulted in defeat and disaster. The river has broken through the levee of the canal at Vicksburg, and filled the trench with earth and rubbish, rendering it useless; while the cutting of the levees (raised banks) at Yazoo Pass and Lake Providence, has inundated a tract of land in Mississippi nearly as large as Scotland; and in Louisiana has converted a region covering 5,000 miles into a lake. News from New York to the 20th states that the Confederates have tried the plan of cutting the levees to better purpose, and that by this means they have compelled a considerable portion of General Grant's army before Vicksburg to re-embark and retreat up the river; a movement which, according to report, was to be followed by the retreat of the whole expedition and the abandonment of the siege of Vicksburg. From this it was presumed that General Johnson's whole Confederate force would be directed against General Rosencranz in Middle Tennessee.

The first step towards the enforcement of the Conscription Act has been taken in the appointment of Colonel Fry, a man, it is said, of character and discretion, as Provost-marshal; other provosts are to be appointed throughout the country, and the operation of the Act was expected to commence on the 1st inst. The fact that the Washington Government is under the necessity of obtaining soldiers by force has received a striking proof in the following statement of the *Detroit Free Press*:—"Another departure of draughted men has taken place, some of them in chains. The tendency of these men to skedaddle has compelled the authorities to be very strict with regard to them. Hence we noticed that some of them wore iron bracelets upon their wrists."

Not being able as yet to capture the *Alabama*—though they have hitherto told us that they could "whip creation"—the Yankees grow more violent in their denunciations of England, and have styled the *Alabama* and the *Florida* "British pirates," going so far as even to threaten retaliation against British trade. It is certainly galling to the Americans to see their squadrons baffled by the Confederate rovers; but retaliation on our merchantmen would inevitably bring our men-of-war upon the scene, and the last state of the Great Republic would be worse than the first. With troops who are so unwilling to fight that they are sent to join the army in handcuffs, and with their whole navy baffled by two ships, which destroy their traders with impunity, the Northern States are hardly in a fit condition to challenge another enemy. Though the symptoms of disunion amongst themselves are not so strong as they were some weeks ago, they are strong enough to warrant the

utmost caution. The New Jersey Legislature has by resolutions condemned the war, the subversion of the constitution, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the domination of military over civil law, in states not in insurrection. It believes that Commissioners from the North and South might arrange honourable terms of peace. And it forwards its resolutions to the Federal Government, and to the Governors and Legislatures of the other States, requesting their co-operation. Mr. Chase has returned from his financial mission to New York, without having persuaded the capitalists to lend him their money; and the rumour that he had received an offer of 100,000,000 dollars from European capitalists, appears to have had no foundation. Then, according to the *New York World*, the New York shipbuilders decline taking contracts to build the iron-clads wanted by Government—whose ships are being lost or disabled as fast as the Confederates are building theirs—for fear of the loss from depreciation of currency. The new vessels were to be of 8,000 tons, and designed to surpass the largest French or English iron-clads. But the builders will not contract for them unless they are built by "day work," and to this the Government will not consent. Moreover, while the draughted men are unwilling to join the army, those who are in it are unwilling to remain there. Desertion has been long the order of the day; and we read that it has been found necessary to send a military expedition into one of the counties of Ohio to arrest deserters; and that it was supposed there would be an organized opposition on the part of the inhabitants, and that bloodshed would ensue. This fear has been partly realized in another quarter. At Rush County, Indiana, an armed party of inhabitants succeeded in rescuing deserters from the military authorities, and troops had to be sent from Indianapolis to recapture them. America has "a very pretty quarrel as it stands," without defying the "Britisher."

POLAND.

We fear that the Poles are not as united as their cause should make them. Mieroslawski has published a proclamation incriminating Langiewicz, on the ground that he usurped the dictatorship, which belonged to him. In a paragraph in the proclamation of Langiewicz to his soldiers, he attributes the necessity for his departure to the intrigues of Russian agents, who mix in the ranks of the Poles and instigate desertions. "These agents," he says, "made it necessary for me to depart secretly, and without bidding you farewell. The same reason, also, prevents my informing you of my ultimate destination." He evidently points at Mieroslawski when he speaks of "the adherents of the ambitious criminal I have to thank for all this." Surely the Poles have difficulties enough to contend against without the dissension of their chiefs; if not, the devotion of the insurgents who fight under them should plead for the abandonment of all personal ambition. Mrs. Jane H. Bennett, writing from Cracow, gives a harrowing picture of their sufferings. Out of 200 patients in the four temporary hospitals which have been opened for them, she saw only one man over twenty-five years of age; the rest were boys of fifteen and upwards, who, after the break-up of Langiewicz's corps, came into Cracow, footsore, starving, and nearly naked. Still they only yearn to be sufficiently restored to health to rejoin the insurrection; "and though the town wears an aspect of mourning, and the streets swarm with a population clothed in the deepest black, the haggard, worn faces of old and young, men and women, express only one sentiment—that of fierce and determined resistance." Mrs. Bennett appeals to the British public for help, and we see with pleasure that a number of English ladies, under the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland and the Countess of Shaftesbury, have organized a Polish Relief Fund, to which contributions may be forwarded to Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, & Co., 1, Pall-Mall East, S.W.; and to Messrs. Barnet, Hoare, & Co., Lombard-street, City, London, E.C.

The prediction that the dispersion of Langiewicz's corps would be a death-blow to the insurrection, has not been fulfilled. On the contrary, the movement seems stronger than ever. General Czachowski has organized a body of insurgents in the mountains of Swienty-Krzysz, which has been reinforced by others collected in the Palatinate of Sandomier. General Lelewel has gained a victory over the Russians south of Zamosc; and bands of fresh insurgents, under the command of Mielencki and Kochanowski, have had several successful engagements with the Russian troops, and are increasing their exertions. It is also rumoured that a Polish legion, under the command of Wiezbicki, has marched from Tultscha, in Bulgaria, into Podolia. On the other hand, the Grand Duke Constantine appears to be adopting active measures to clear the provinces one by one, maintaining troops in each after the insurgents have been routed, so as to repress fresh insurrection. It is to be feared he will be successful. But the negotiations set on foot by France and England will in that case have a better opportunity of pressing on the Czar the fulfilment of his obligations towards Poland under the Treaty of Vienna, and, it is to be hoped also, of guaranteeing their observance for the future.

General Langiewicz, it appears, was not allowed to proceed on parole to Brünn. He has been removed from the citadel of Cracow, it is believed, to Vienna.

On Tuesday, a debate on the Polish question took place in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies. Herr Von Bismarck stated, with regard to the convention with Russia, that it was positively false that by its provisions the Russians are allowed to pursue the insurgents on Prussian territory. With regard to Polish refugees, Count Eulenberg said that the intentions of the Government were based

on clemency in the majority of cases, especially with regard to those persons who had been drawn into the movement against their will. On the other hand, Government was obliged to fulfil the obligations it had contracted with Russia—in other words, to surrender the Poles to the Russian authorities to be shot. This announcement, which we would fain hope does not represent the actual intentions of the Prussian Government, has called forth an indignant leading article in the *Times*.—"It is a matter for which the world will hold every member of the Royal Family of Prussia and every man of the Prussian nation responsible. If the blood of these Poles should be shed through the agency of Prussia, it will not suffice to tell Europe of the Prussian King, or the Prussian Minister, or of secret or open conventions between Prussia and Russia. The King of Prussia is now, as the world is authoritatively told, contemplating an odious crime; we must, in the name and even for the credit of England, be bold to ask if the Crown Prince of Prussia has no potent word to say to save his own family and his own country from the ignominy of such blood-guiltiness."

Since the above was written, telegrams inform us that the Poles will not wait to be beaten. A new policy seems to have been resolved upon by the Revolutionary Committee, who are said to have given orders to the insurgents everywhere to lay down their arms. In pursuance of this resolution, the chiefs of the insurgents are said to have disbanded their forces. The ground is therefore cleared for diplomatic intervention; and we learn, upon the authority of the *Danziger Zeitung*, that the Emperor of Russia intends granting an autonomy to Poland, but not a national army. The Archbishop of Warsaw has addressed a letter to the Czar, in which he declares that administrative reforms will not satisfy the Poles. "The nation yearns," he says, "for political life and the restoration of independence. The most terrific repression will never be powerful enough to eradicate a spirit filling every Polish soul, and which, I regret to say, tends from day to day to deepen the gulf between the nation and the throne. It is only by the revival of Polish independence, and the maintenance of no more than a dynastic connection with Russia, that your Majesty can remove the probability of ruling, in no distant future, over a country consisting of ruins, and whose public prosperity is a myth of the past."

FRANCE.

M. Fould, not content to hold office, so long as M. Magne, his predecessor as Finance Minister, and latterly, speaking Minister, charged to defend his successor, remained in office, some days back, tendered his resignation. M. Magne, it appears, has not been the most candid of defenders, and has even intrigued to obtain from the Emperor a *communiqué* to the *Débats* and *Patrie* lecturing those journals on the score of articles they had published in which M. Fould's system of finance was praised, in disparagement of the system previously existing. M. Fould, under these circumstances, resigned. At first, the Emperor neither accepted nor refused his minister's resignation; but the crisis has been surmounted by the resignation of M. Magne, who, as a mark of the Emperor's favour, had created him a member of the Privy Council. M. Fould returns to his post.

GREECE.

The Greeks have at last obtained a King. On Tuesday, the National Assembly agreed to a decree unanimously proclaiming Prince William George, second son of Prince Christian of Denmark, constitutional King of the Greeks, under the title of George the First. The King's successors are to profess the orthodox religion. A committee of three members, chosen by the Ministry, is about to proceed to Copenhagen to offer the Crown to the Prince in the name of the nation. Upon the decree being made known, a *Te Deum* was celebrated, and was followed by public festivities, illuminations, and general rejoicings. Nothing now remains to be done but to obtain the consent of the Prince and the King of Denmark. Public feeling in Denmark is against the Prince's acceptance of the offer, as the succession to the throne is limited to the three sons of Prince Christian.

THE EAST.

News reached Alexandria on the 30th ult. that two Christians had been assassinated at Damascus; that a panic prevailed in the city and the Christians were leaving it. A Constantinople telegram received in Paris reports the pillage of a Christian village near Latakia, and that the Druses of Hauran had attacked the regular Turkish troops. The Vienna papers of the 31st ult. state that conflicts had taken place between the Christians and Mussulmans at Damascus. Similar conflicts had broken out in Northern Syria, but had been terminated by the intervention of the Government. The consuls at Damascus have demanded energetic action on the part of the Government.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE.*

THERE are two localities in the town of Stratford-upon-Avon especially identified with the name of Shakespeare; one, a house

* Shakespeare's Home at New Place, Stratford-upon-Avon: being a History of the "Great House" built in the Reign of King Henry VII., by Sir Hugh Clopton, Knight, and subsequently the property of William Shakespeare, Gent., wherein he lived and died. By J. C. M. Bellew. 8vo. Virtue, Brothers, 1863.

in Henley-street, in which he is supposed to have been born (for it is by no means certain that he was born in that house); the other, in a better part of the town, once a grand mansion, which was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, in the closing years of the fifteenth century, and is called in his will the Great House, though it seems to have been better known as the New Place; this house Shakespeare bought in 1597, and it thus became his favourite residence during the rest of his life. The former, which has been commonly called Shakespeare's House, was, some years ago, purchased for the public by a committee which had been formed for that purpose; but the poet's connection with that house, beyond its having belonged to the family, is at least somewhat problematical; whereas we can have no doubt that he resided, during a long and very important period of his life, in New Place, and that, though the site of the house has long been occupied by modern buildings, the extensive gardens attached were often the scene of his meditations. A few months ago, circumstances having thrown this property into the market, Mr. Halliwell made an earnest appeal to the nation to subscribe towards a fund for securing this site also as a public monument of England's great poet, and with so much success that the whole of the ground occupied by Shakespeare's residence and gardens at New Place, with a not very important exception, is now, through his exertions, public property. It is not the place here to offer any remarks on the purpose to which it is proposed to apply this land; but one of the first acts of those who had the care of this property was to excavate the site of the house of New Place. The result of the excavations was to bring to light the lower parts of the walls of the house destroyed in the last century, and to show also that, in the erection of that more modern house, the original home of Shakespeare had not been entirely destroyed, but that some parts had probably been retained and formed part of the building which succeeded it. The old foundations could, without difficulty, be distinguished from the later ones. These discoveries were certainly not without interest, and the public naturally looked to Mr. Halliwell for an account of them, but before he could make his intentions known we were surprised by the announcement of a book on the subject by the Rev. Mr. Bellew, a gentleman not unknown in some other branches of literature, but who had been associated in no degree whatever with the excavations at Stratford-upon-Avon. This may, however, admit of excuse if it brings us new and valuable information on the subject; and here is the book itself before us to enable us to satisfy ourselves on this point. We must, however, begin by stating that Mr. Bellew's book relates more to Shakespeare personally than to his house; in fact, there is not much to say about the house, and the want of information is here supplied in some degree from imagination. Mr. Bellew informs us at the outset that it is his intention to tell us what is known "of the man Shakespeare in his home—in his domestic, social, moral character, in his home associations and his home associates." There are remaining a few records which point very slightly and indirectly to his personal character; a few facts are recorded of his life; and a few personal anecdotes of the past are told by contemporaries or preserved by tradition. The first of these seem to show Shakespeare as a money-getting man; the second are characteristic of the ordinary men of his profession and time; and the third present him to us as a merry associate in the clubs and taverns of London with men like Ben Jonson and their other dramatic contemporaries. Mr. Bellew accepts the facts of Shakespeare's life, giving them an entirely different meaning from that in which they have been taken by his other biographers; but he entirely rejects all the anecdotes, which he bundles together under the head of old wives' gossip, as "unproved and discreditable stories," wafted down to us from "the idle talk of men who never knew him." The great principle insisted upon in the book before us is that the spirit of Shakespeare's writings alone is to be taken as the measure of his character, and that all evidence to the contrary is to be rejected. The ingenuity with which Mr. Bellew sets aside all previous notions about Shakespeare's history and character is at times quite extraordinary. According to "tradition," William Shakespeare made his *début* in life as an apprentice to a butcher; and different reports, resting on the same authority, make his father a butcher, a wool-stapler, a glover, and a dealer in malt and timber. It is clear that in this case we cannot place much trust in tradition; but Mr. Bellew contrives to raise the importance of John Shakespeare by accepting all these reports and believing that he exercised all these trades at once:—

"There is Mr. John Shakespeare, in Henley-street—he is a glover, or a butcher, or a 'yeoman,' or wool-dealer!—what is he? Can no one sum up all the supposed trades or businesses, and say, in a word, that they most probably mean he was a wool-stapler? Make him or any one of the above trades actually and solely, and we cannot reconcile the other statements. But, like the variorum readings of the same names and the same employments in Shakespeare's days, if we adopt the conclusion that he was a merchant of the staple, we shall easily be able to understand his being called both butcher and glover. Considering what a staple trade gloving was in John Shakespeare's time in his own county, if he were connected with the mercers in London he would of necessity deal in gloves. The possessor of land and the owner of cattle, it is the height of probability that he may have slaughtered his sheep in his own farmyard, in order to have the skins properly preserved. Butcher he might easily be called, and so might his son William; and also be represented as apprenticed to a butcher, when he was, in reality, apprenticed to his father" (p. 117).

Upon this unsound "fabric of a vision," which presents as much confusion about the history of trades as could easily have been crowded within so few lines, Mr. Bellew has founded a new theory

to explain the reason of Shakespeare's first visit to London. He conceives that, as the elder Shakespeare had fallen into commercial difficulties, he sent his son to town to manage his business, and that William set up in trade himself, and remained a tradesman, at the same time that he became an actor and a poet.

"Again, as regards Shakespeare's removal to London. *May not that have happened* for business motives? and *may he not*, during his whole London career, have benefited by a profitable trade, that gave him the position of a gentleman, and connected him with gentlemen, and also enabled him to realize that independence upon which he retired? It must never be forgotten that his father was in difficulties about the time when the poet removed to the metropolis; and from that moment we never again hear of or trace any domestic anxieties in the house of John Shakespeare. *The inference seems conclusive*" (p. 119).

Mr. Bellew is, no doubt, clever at drawing inferences, but we are inclined to ask where he obtained his minute knowledge of the domestic state of "the house of John Shakespeare," and it is rather strange that no one of the poet's contemporaries has alluded to the son's successful trading operations in London.

Not only was Shakespeare, according to Mr. Bellew, the steady, prudent, persevering tradesman, but he cherished from his earliest childhood one all-absorbing object of his ambition, which was, to make himself an independent county gentleman, and above all, to purchase New Place at Stratford-upon-Avon. When William Shakespeare was little more than three years old, New Place was sold to the Underhills, and already the precocious infant is supposed, with a rare knowledge of the world at such an age, to have contemplated the future purchase of this splendid mansion.

"Of the repairs that he (Shakespeare) made, we know nothing; but it is easy to understand how much his mind *may have been* impressed with the stately beauty [of which Mr. Bellew has drawn a very imaginative picture] of New Place from his earliest childhood. No inhabitant of Stratford, seeing Sir Hugh's 'Great House' and the church that he also rebuilt alongside it, could fail to know them, and to admire them, much less a boy of Shakespeare's observation and appreciative mind. New Place adjoins the Guild Chapel and the Grammar School. There the boy was taught; and day by day, as he went bounding forth from school, the first object that met his eye was Sir Hugh's house, next the church. While yet a child of between three and four years of age a sale took place. *He may*, on the very day of the sale, have been holding to his nurse's side, and making his earliest observations upon men and things, as he passed the chapel of Holy Cross, and have seen the family of Underhill arrive to acquire possession of 'New Place.' All this is perfectly possible; and if this or anything similar occurred, it might have impressed on the boy's thoughts that New Place had been sold! *Might it not again?* Who can tell, whether in his early days the boy Shakespeare's mind had not been taught by old Sir Hugh's taste to appreciate and admire the beautiful in art, had not been fired with ambition to go to London, as Sir Hugh (the pride of Stratford, and its benefactor) had done, and by dint of labour and perseverance to make an independence, and return like him to Stratford, and live honoured and beloved among the townfolk of his native place? *Who can tell* whether this same boy may not often and often have stood ruminating under the shadows of the buttresses of Holy Cross, admiringly examining the gables and casements, the porch and antique barge-boards, of the 'Great House,' and resolving, should any sale take place there again, if he were a man and had the means, it should have but one master—one, himself possessed of tastes like Sir Hugh's, who would 'repair' and preserve the ancestral mansion?" (p. 63).

A child possessed of such precocious sagacity must have been very eager for the attainment of knowledge; and Mr. Bellew, who has difficulty in imagining how Shakespeare could get so much knowledge in London, has his own notions as to the sources from which he derived it. He speaks of "the very common habit of holding public schools in the Lady chapels, or chancels of churches which had formerly been connected with monastic establishments;" and adds, that "there is one remarkable fact connected with them—they have, as a general rule, been established or held in the Lady chapels, or chapels of suppressed monastic institutions, and not in buildings that were parochial churches before the Reformation. In connection with these suppressed monasteries, or cells, there were frequently valuable libraries, rich in ancient chronicles, tales of the wars, histories of royal heroes and valiant knights, as well as in the lives of the saints, missals, and breviaries." All this is a mere tissue of misconceptions. Mr. Bellew seems not to be aware that the original English parish schools, both in Anglo-Saxon times and during the ages which followed the Norman conquest, were held in the parish churches and by the parish priests; but he has fallen into the still greater blunder of supposing that the guilds were monasteries, and that they were dissolved by the Act of Parliament for suppressing the monastic houses. "Such an establishment," he goes on to say, "was the Guild of the Holy Cross. Henry VIII. suppressed its conventual character. His son, Edward VI., erected it into a grammar school." This grammar school, it is conjectured, was first held in the Guild chapel, or there was another school held there, for it is conjectured that there were two schools. The "conventual" establishment, of course, possessed a library, which naturally was "rich in ancient chronicles, tales, histories," &c.; when the convent was dissolved, this library must have been preserved in the Guild chapel or given to the school (if it were not destroyed), and thus it furnished food to young Shakespeare's mind. We beg to say that we should feel extremely obliged to Mr. Bellew, if, among the numerous catalogues of monastic libraries still remaining, he will point out to us a single example which

consisted of, or even contained a few works of this description. They were not the books to be found in conventual libraries. However, "between the date when King Henry VIII. suppressed the monastic establishment in 1536, to the date of his son, Edward VI., reviving the school of the Guild in 1553, only seventeen years intervened. These years were long enough to complete the work of dispersion or destruction among the libraries of abbeys that were themselves reduced to ruins, but no such ruin overtook the Guild of the Holy Cross. It was not an establishment of sufficient importance to be ruined, and accordingly it changed hands, and followed the destinies of the Reformation." Now, what does this paragraph mean? As we have already remarked, a guild was in no sense of the word a monastic establishment, and was not in the slightest degree affected by the Act for suppressing the monasteries. A guild was an association of townsmen employed in trade for securing, by a common action and a common fund, certain advantages, among which one was the supporting of a certain number of priests to pray perpetually for the souls of the defunct members of the guild; and others were the support of a school and various measures for the benefit of the town in general, for the members of the guild were generally the leading men of the town, and often the whole municipality. The guilds, therefore, were not touched by the confiscation of the monastic establishments, but as the Reformation advanced, the obits for the dead, coming under the head of superstitious purposes (which the Reformation abolished), could be no longer tolerated; an act for dissolving them was passed at the close of the reign of Henry VIII., but never came into operation, and the act by which they were dissolved was only passed at the beginning of the reign of Edward VI. The corporation of the guild was then dissolved, by which the superstitious purposes were got rid of, and the property was usually reinvested in the corporation of the town for the support of the other purposes, such as the school, which was refounded, and hence most of our old grammar schools are now popularly considered as foundations of Edward VI. The guild usually possessed a chapel of its own, or a chapel or chancel attached to the parish church, and this served other purposes besides those of religious worship, for it was often the place of meeting of the guild for its private business, and it was no doubt used as the school-room. The separate buildings for the school appear to have been introduced on their refoundation, under Edward VI., so that the term "old," applied in the corporation books of Stratford, in distinction from another school, and the terms "school in the church," no doubt simply point out the place where the school had been formerly held, and where, under circumstances with which we are not acquainted, it was still held sometimes. The order in the corporation books of 1594, directing that no school should be held in the chapel from that date, means simply that thenceforth the grammar school should not again for any reason be moved temporarily to the chapel. We never heard of a guild possessing a library—perhaps Mr. Bellew would favour us with an example.

This will show how readily Mr. Bellew assumes as historical facts statements which he makes without investigation. Having made up his mind that the fine and lofty sentiments of Shakespeare's poetry are alone to be taken as the measure of his private character, he throws everything which goes against his imaginary picture into the rubbish-heap of mere tradition. Ben Jonson stated that Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek;" and Mr. Bellew does not dispute that this was the fact; but he treats Ben Jonson's statement with the remark (p. 203), "Whether Ben Jonson ever uttered the slighting words attributed to him or not." Can Mr. Bellew be so utterly unread in Shakespearian literature as to be ignorant that the words in question were written by Ben Jonson in the well-known and much-admired verses to Shakespeare's memory which were first printed in the folio edition of "Shakespeare" in 1623, where they occur in the following lines?

"And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I will not seek
For names," &c.

Mr. Bellew's notions of tradition are in themselves somewhat singular. He calls it old wives' gossip, defines it (p. 174) as "the idle talk of men who never knew him," and condemns it (p. 111) as "not to be believed," because it "is a perjured witness, who never yet came into court without a lie upon her tongue." These, it must be allowed, are fine phrases in declamation, but they mean very little. Tradition is a thing which varies much in its character and value, and requires to be treated with discrimination and carefully examined. Mr. Bellew shows no discrimination. We have just seen him throwing a poem of Ben Jonson's into the rubbish-heap; and he treats in the same manner contemporary anecdotes, which have been handed down to us in writing. Such popular anecdotes, even if nearly contemporary, are invaluable, when they relate to a remarkable individual, because, though they may not be true in themselves, they prove undoubtedly the general opinion of the character of the individual among those who lived at the same time with him and who knew him, and that opinion is rarely wrong. Such is the case with the story of Shakespeare told in the diary of the barrister Maningham, written at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Shakespeare's reputation was at its greatest height, and which certainly gives us but a low estimate of his private morals. It shows clearly that such was the character he then bore in London, and that such stories were ordinarily told of him; and it is more valuable as evidence than all the declamation in the book

before us; yet Mr. Bellew has either overlooked it or concealed it. The stories of his tavern life are no doubt equally correct in regard to his well-known character. The arguments for his refined character founded upon the sentiments expressed in his poetry are vain Shakespeare, in his eighteenth year, married, in a manner which seems to show that it was a hastily-concluded match, a woman who was eight years older than himself; it appears, from "the evidence of the legal document," that Shakespeare procured his licence on the 28th of November, 1582, and that his first child was baptized on the 26th of May, 1583. This is a clear proof that one of the parties had been led astray some time before the marriage and it has been averred naturally enough that Shakespeare had been obliged to marry Anne Hathaway in order to cover their error. But Mr. Bellew says, no,—it was then the ordinary custom in England to be acquainted before marriage, and that the poet in this instance was only following established usage, and could incur no blame. We can only say that we never heard of such a custom, and that if similar instances occur in the Stratford registers, we believe they only show that the morality of the town was at a low ebb,—which, indeed, was evidently the case with most towns in the sixteenth century. Mr. Bellew is greatly indignant at the "tradition," which ascribes Shakespeare's death to a fever which was the result of heavy drinking at a social meeting between him and his friends, Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton, who had come to visit him at Stratford; yet all we know of their characters would lead us to suppose that tolerably hard drinking might have been expected when three such men met together. The picture of the wedding of Shakespeare's daughter is quite worthy of the authoress of "Mary Powell."

"In writing about Shakespeare," Mr. Bellew observes (p. 176), "inches of fact have been fringed with acres of conjecture." The remark is eminently applicable to his own book. He has made up a Shakespeare out of his own imagination, who is a totally different individual from the Shakespeare whom the world has known so long. Of course Mr. Bellew has a perfect right to amuse himself in this manner if he likes, but we object to the attempt to intrude a false Shakespeare into the place of the true one. We cannot perceive that this volume throws any new light on the biography of the poet, or that in fact it contains anything new in importance, except a few elaborate pedigrees of Warwickshire families, which are the result of considerable labour, and will no doubt be duly appreciated by Warwickshire antiquaries, but they do not appear to us to illustrate, in any useful manner, the history or character of William Shakespeare. The old story of the reason of Shakespeare's removal from Stratford to London has probably much more of truth in it than the new one; he gained his knowledge in the metropolis, no doubt, as other men had under similar circumstances; and there is no foundation at all for the supposition that he carried on trade there, which is a mere gratuitous assumption. Mr. Bellew has produced a clever book, although anything but a satisfactory one.

THE POLISH CAPTIVITY.*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

THE conduct of the Austrians at the present crisis may gain the goodwill of many of those who formerly hated them. The fugitives who have crossed the frontier since the defeat of Langiewicz have been kindly received, and their account of the savage behaviour of the Russian troops will counteract the effect of the rose-coloured pictures of Muscovite Arcadias which Pan-slavic artists are pleased to paint. Up to the present time the conciliatory measures of the Court of Vienna have met with little success among the upper and middle classes. It is true that the position of the inhabitants of Austrian Poland contrasts very favourably with that of their fellow countrymen in the Russian empire. "Cracow might still be a free city," we learn, "for any trouble that a visitor is put to about his passport. As for police, not only are they scarcely seen, but their action is nowhere felt except in connection with criminal cases." There is little censorship exercised with respect to books, and great freedom of discussion is allowed in the journals. No attempt has been made to prevent the *Czas* from expressing the greatest sympathy with the present insurrection, and the *Posen Djennik* is the only foreign newspaper on which an embargo is laid. When M. de Montalembert was in Cracow two years ago, he is reported to have said, "You have more liberty here than we have in France," and Mr. Edwards bears witness to having travelled backwards and forwards in Galicia some five or six hundred miles in various directions, without being called upon to show his passport, or coming into contact with a police official. All this, he says, seems very satisfactory to a foreigner, but he adds:—

"To a Pole none of these liberties avail anything as long as he sees Germans sitting in the public offices, Germans in the schools teaching their language to children whose parents think only of bringing them up as Poles, German soldiers defiling the palaces of his ancient kings, converted for their reception into barracks and architecturally ruined; Germans, in fact, everywhere, even in the mines of Wieliczka, where the names and inscriptions on the wonderful vaults, caverns, temples, magnificent ball-rooms, are all in the language detested by those to whom Wieliczka honestly belongs, and who still do all the important work there. Until within the last six months German was the language of the public offices and schools throughout Galicia, even

in the University of Cracow, surrounded and apparently protected as it was by precise stipulations in favour of its 'nationality,' signed by all the Powers who took part in the Treaties of Vienna. What should we think in England of the finest University imaginable if all the lecturers appointed to it were Frenchmen, or (which comes to nearly the same thing) if all the lectures had to be delivered in French?"

Until the year 1861 there was only one Professor who was authorized to hold his class in the Polish language. Every conceivable effort was made to induce the people to forget the speech as well as the history of their fatherland. The literary spirit of the country was discouraged in every way, and the public monuments which recalled the ancient glories of the past were studiously desecrated. Thus three of the most interesting chapels in Cracow have been converted into tobacco *depôts*, and the Castle, the residence of the ancient Polish kings, has been turned into a barrack. The crowns, which were once kept there, and the State jewels were stolen long ago. The painted walls are now whitewashed, the statues and carved work have been demolished, and the halls which were once thronged with courtiers are now tenanted by the soldiers whose trowsers and stockings hang out of the Palace windows. So full indeed is all the building of troops, that "a pestilential odour pervades the whole place, and renders it impossible to pass through the Castle to the Cathedral which adjoins it, and to which, fortunately, there is another entrance."

As to "Kosciusko's Tomb"—a mound 120 feet high, and an eighth of a mile in circumference, erected to his memory in the neighbourhood of Cracow—the Austrians have recognized its merits as a military position, and now, walled in and fortified, it forms one of the chief strongholds of the army which occupies the city.

The taxes in Galicia are enormous. Some of the landowners are paying as much as forty per cent. out of their net income, and in addition to the charges on land all manner of minor taxes are levied on proprietors. "If an artist takes pupils, and sets them to copy pictures, he is taxed as an employer; if a peasant is caught mending his own boots he runs the risk of being taxed as a cobbler." The price of salt in Galicia, in the vicinity of the magnificent salt mines of Wieliczka, is six times what it is in London, and so anxious is the Government to maintain its monopoly, that every saline stream is carefully turned into the nearest river; and even medicinal springs of a briny character are watched over or blocked up by the authorities. But the weight of taxation is in general made to fall upon the shoulders of the proprietors, and the officials are careful to represent themselves as the champions of the peasants against them. In spite, therefore, of the universal detestation in which the Austrian Government is held by the educated and intelligent classes, Mr. Edwards thinks that its power is almost as firmly established in Galicia at present as it was in 1846, when the Polish insurrection prepared by the nobles utterly failed, and the peasants rose "to defend the Emperor, to massacre their masters, and to gain the possession of land which shortly afterwards was duly granted to them." The representatives of the new body of peasant proprietors in the Diet are strongly opposed to the nobles, and look with very unfavourable eyes upon any project for the reconstitution of ancient Poland, or even the establishment of local self-government in Galicia. Moreover, the efforts of the patriotic party are impeded by the Ruthenian section, which weakens the movement for Galician independence by raising a cry in behalf of "Ruthenianism." Their claims are at present favoured by the Government, inasmuch as they assist in hindering the progress of the Polish cause; but they may become extremely embarrassing at some future time, especially if they take the form of a demand for incorporation with Russia. The Galician peasants also may prove dangerous allies, for they must ultimately understand that their interests are with those of the other Poles, and not with the Austrians:—

"Hitherto the Poles have left them entirely to their own devices, that they might convince themselves of the impossibility of obtaining from the Government any fresh partition of the estates of their late proprietors; and in time if they learn nothing else, they will discover that it is only by combining with the great territorial and commercial classes that they can hope to free themselves from the weight of taxation which presses upon them as upon the rest of the Galicians. They have, if possible, even a greater antipathy to the Germans than the educated classes throughout Poland, and on this subject a good anecdote, which has the further advantage of being true, is told of a Galician peasant who accused another peasant of vilifying the Emperor. 'He called him a German,' said this loyal Pole; and as soon as it is generally understood that the Emperor of Austria cannot divide the estates of the old proprietors, and that, moreover, he is an Austrian, his Germanism and his anti-communism will render him equally unpopular with the peasants."

It is well known that the more enlightened of the Austrian rulers have not hesitated to express a very unfavourable opinion with regard to the partition of Poland, and the policy of keeping it in subjugation. The Empress Maria Theresa called her share in the transaction "a blot upon her reign." The Emperor Joseph II. took the same view of the matter, and bestowed on the Poles a liberal portion of the good intentions which he was so seldom able to accomplish. In 1830 Francis II. secretly assisted the Poles in their struggle with Russia:—

"Arms, provisions, and medical stores were conveyed across the Austrian frontier into the kingdom of Poland; the political emissaries from the Provisional Government at Warsaw were well received at Vienna; and when the Emperor of Austria knew that Count

* The Polish Captivity: an Account of the Present Position of the Poles in the Kingdom of Poland, and in the Polish Provinces of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. By Sutherland Edwards. Two vols. W. H. Allen & Co.

Andrew Zamoyski was in his capital, though he could not receive him, he said, 'Tell the Count that I feel I am about to appear before the Great Judge, and that the possession of Galicia weighs upon me like a crime. I would gladly give it up, but not to Russia. To an independent Poland I would give it up with joy.'

In 1848, when the Galician deputies waited upon the Emperor Ferdinand I., and asked for the rights which they had been promised by the Treaty of Vienna, together with trial by jury, and the equalization of all classes before the law, he returned a most favourable reply, saying that he had the greatest pleasure in granting all their demands, and the Archduke John added these memorable words:—

"Now we can speak frankly. My grandmother and the King of Prussia, Frederic the Second, in partitioning Poland committed a fault. This partition has been a great misfortune for all Europe. From that moment peace and loyalty disappeared, and the traffic of nations commenced, to the injury even of the rulers themselves. The partitioning Powers can never enjoy in peace these strange acquisitions. The existence of Poland is something natural and indispensable. It would be superfluous to discuss the means of establishing it, for when a thing is naturally indispensable, it takes place of itself. Accordingly, I think it would be more prudent not to discuss these means, but to employ them at once, so as to prepare this re-establishment."

It is said that Austria was ready to join in restoring the independence of Poland during the Crimean war. It is true that the Poles themselves refuse to believe the report; but even if the good intentions of the Court of Vienna were exaggerated, it is probable that it would not have been greatly opposed to a scheme which would have resulted in the creation of a strong barrier between its own possessions and those of its too powerful neighbour. If the sympathies of Austria incline towards the cause of independence in Poland, those of Prussia are undoubtedly enlisted on the other side. And the Prussian Government has done all that was possible to eradicate national and patriotic feelings from the minds of its Polish subjects, and to Germanize those parts of the ancient kingdom which are under its control. Mr. Edwards supposes that "the Prussian rule in Posen is about as humane and equitable as, under very difficult circumstances, is possible." Yet many Poles have found their life there so intolerable, that they have left the place and gone to take their chance with their fellow-sufferers in the kingdom. Cracow is thoroughly Polish, but Posen is like a German town. "At the railway station no language but German is heard. You see German inscriptions all over the public offices, you are driven by a German to a half German, half Polish hotel, a polyglot waiter brings you the bill of a German theatre, and when you ask if the Polish theatre is open, he stares and tells you that in Posen no such thing is known." And throughout the Duchy German influence is everywhere apparent. The village mayors, the district councillors, all the officials in short, even down to the very stokers on the railways, are Germans. The education of the people is thrown into German hands as far as possible. The Government will not consent on any terms to the establishment of a thoroughly Polish gymnasium, and the money which has been left at various times by Poles, for the support of national and Catholic schools, has been appropriated to the maintenance of Protestant and German establishments. The history of Poland is a proscribed subject in the public gymnasiums, and Mr. Edwards mentions the case of the mistress of a private school in Posen, who was reprimanded by the Government inspector for daring to introduce it into her course of tuition. The Polish newspapers enjoy a fair share of liberty, and the *Dziennik Poznański*, the principal organ of the national party, though often seized is seldom condemned. But this freedom is only of recent date. From 1852 until 1859 but one Polish journal was tolerated, and so limited was its right to speak about Polish affairs, that the names of the Polish deputies in the Berlin Assembly were not allowed to appear in it. As to the claim which the Prussians put forward of having civilized the country, Mr. Edwards says:—

"They have numbered the houses, which formerly were known only by the names of the proprietors; they have introduced passports, the secret police, and a system of printing-licences which enables them to dispense with the censorship, properly so-called; and they have established German schools for Polish children. That is what German civilization amounts to in Prussian Poland."

The Poles hate Prussia as much as they hate Russia and Austria. She has utterly failed to win their affections, and all that can be said in her favour is that she tyrannizes in as gentle a manner as possible, partly in order not to attract attention, and partly because she does not like the work. All their masters are alike distasteful to the Poles. Russia, they say, "is a bear, Austria a hyena, and Prussia a fox—a fox with a large liberal tail, which she loves to exhibit to the eyes of Europe, but a cunning, fraudulent, destructive fox nevertheless." There are some Poles who have tried the experiment of living under each of the three Governments, and who are equally discontented with all of them. Count Prozor, for instance, was one of the most influential men at the court of Stanislaus Augustus. The Prussians seized him and threw him into prison; he remained there some time, and then was released and allowed to retire to France. Returning to Poland, he was imprisoned by the Austrians, and kept in durance till 1802. Liberated then, he was soon afterwards sentenced to exile by the Russians, and in 1825 was condemned to pass the rest of his life in the fortress of Peter and Paul at St. Petersburg. "This noble old man, when he was eighty years of age, used to boast that he had lived as Poland had

lived—he had passed half his life in prison, and had been dismembered like his country. 'Prussia,' he said, 'took my youth; Austria, my health; Russia, my intellect; but they cannot take my soul.'"

Mr. Edwards devotes the last part of his work to a review of the events which have lately taken place in Russia, and an account of the opinions of Russian politicians with respect to the Polish question. He considers that the Emperor Alexander II. is sincere in his wishes to improve the general condition of his subjects, and he gives him full credit for the reforms he has introduced and the changes he is attempting to bring about. But since these chapters were written, the insurrection in Poland has probably modified the Imperial plans to a very considerable extent. It is difficult to foresee what will be the policy pursued by the Court of St. Petersburg; whether conciliatory measures will be introduced, or whether a system of terrorism will be adopted. The Poles no longer confine themselves to asking that the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna may be observed. They clamour now for the complete independence of the kingdom, and refuse to accept any inferior concessions. A few months ago they would have been grateful for what they now utterly despise. Had it not been for the conscription, the rising would not have yet taken place which has set such a barrier between them and their rulers. The Secret Committee which manages the affairs of the patriotic party was not prepared for war, and did all that lay in its power to restrain the indignation of the people. But the nation had for some time been drifting into rebellion, and the outburst of its anger proved at last uncontrollable. It is hazardous to predict the termination of the struggle. Right is arrayed, as it has been many a time, against might; all eyes are fixed on the battle-field, all hearts are filled with sympathy for the weaker side, for the long-suffering people who have held firm amidst a thousand trials to the religious and political creed of their fathers. In the legends of the saints, remarks one of the principal Polish writers of the present day, it is related that in the age of martyrdom some Christians were driven on to the surface of a frozen river, and there abandoned, in hunger and nakedness, to all the severities of a wintry night. Offers of food and clothing were made to them on condition that they would abjure their religion. A few of their number yielded to the temptation, and these perished miserably before they reached the shore. But the rest maintained their resolution, and were straightway rewarded, for both food and clothing were miraculously showered down upon them from heaven. And in this he sees "a touching picture of a nation which suffers, but which will not allow itself to yield to temptation, and which sends up to heaven such a cry of faith as may well soften the rigour of its adverse fortune." Sincerely do we trust that it may be so, and that Mr. Edwards, who, we understand, is now in Poland, may be fortunate enough to witness the emancipation of the country, and may some day describe it in as excellent a work as that in which he has told the story of its captivity.

BARRINGTON.*

MR. LEVER has chosen for the title of this tale a name dear to Irishmen, we might almost say symbolical of Irish life and character. But we hasten to add that "Barrington" is no political romance. It has nothing to do with the Irish Rebellion or the Irish Parliament, though the hero may have been a contemporary and a survivor of both. As a personification of the virtues and frailties of Irish life and character fifty years ago, Mr. Lever could hardly have hit upon a name more suggestive than "Barrington." The author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Jack Hinton," "Charles O'Malley," and the other dashing and delightful paladins of army and sporting life, who were the delight and wonder of "us youth" from twenty to ten years since, has settled down into what painters would call his second manner; and, judging by the present story, we are not quite sure that the second manner is not an improvement on the first. There is certainly an advance in art—a finer pencil and a surer touch. Indeed, the change of style and subject is very much what we may conceive to be the natural growth of moral experience. There is less of the rollicking animal spirits, the reckless gaiety and adventure, the buoyant audacity of the early time. The day is waning, and the shadows lengthen; the old fire within gives out a cheery light and a genial warmth; but the young gentlemen who danced, and rode, and fought, and rioted, and played, and made love, and took the world by storm, and gave a frolic welcome to all fortunes, are sitting down to talk of other days over their wine and walnuts, with hearts a little saddened rather than embittered, and looks a little worn. This is, after all, as it should be. The mind of a man and the heart of a boy it is given to few to carry down with them into the darkening valley of the fiftieth year.

To readers who are gorged with spasmodic novels, and satiated with bigamy, murder, and sudden death, a book like "Barrington" is at once a sedative and a cordial. It is something to escape from a society in which all the women have the manners of glorified barmaids, and all the men of fifth-rate melodramatic actors, into honest and wholesome company. In these days, too, when the old race of country gentlemen is dying out of the land, to make way for an aristocracy who buy their ancestry in Wardour-street, it is refreshing enough to make the acquaintance, even

* Barrington. By Charles Lever. With Illustrations by Phiz. London: Chapman & Hall.

in a novel, of a hero who is neither rich, nor powerful, nor successful, but a man who has the virtues as well as the defects of his caste; who has run through his fortune and lost his estate, but has preserved unstained and unbroken his honour, his spirit, and his dignity. Of course we do not recommend Barrington's prodigalities as an example, though he had squandered his substance in law-courts, fighting for the honour of his name, and for the rights of his gallant soldier son who died under a cloud in India. But the old man's chivalrous delicacy and transparent simplicity of character, his contempt for petty gains and motives, his inexhaustible kindness and good-humour, and that nameless charm of manner and bearing which no wealth can give or poverty take away,—these attributes of Mr. Lever's hero are, we own, very welcome to us amidst the flashy heroes of fiction and real life at the present time. Though "Barrington" is by no means dependent on its plot for the interest it excites, it has plot enough to make it worth the reader's while not to know it beforehand. We are not going to display the curious malevolence of critics who suck a story like an orange and then throw the peel in the author's face. We will only say that the circumstances which determine the course of this tale are ingeniously removed by the author to a safe distance from captious objections. Nothing can be considered improbably romantic in the adventures of a distinguished officer in the service of a native Indian prince forty years ago; and the disputed claims which have arisen between his executors and the old Company leave the widest available margin for the marvellous and the unforeseen.

Mr. Lever makes somewhat free use of his Indian accessories, and the early life of the villain of the book,—for there is a villain, and a skilfully drawn one—strikes us as a little more than wild, even for the Mahratta country. But the end of the story, without shocking probability too much, is not only consistent with poetical justice, but just what every gentle reader would desire—happy, peaceful, and full of promise as the glowing sunset of a clouded day.

It is not, however, for the plot that "Barrington" will be read with pleasure. It is not one of those books which the conventional novel reader devours breathlessly at a single sitting. It is a book to be sipped, not swallowed, at leisure and at intervals; to be taken up or laid down without impatience, yet with a desire to linger over the pages. Open the book where you will, there is good company and pleasant talk, and rare knowledge of the world, and a keen enjoyment of life and nature.

It is in character painting that Mr. Lever is most happy on the present occasion. In Peter Barrington we recognize the Irish gentleman of half a century since, and the portrait is touched with a loving hand, with all its generous failings and redeeming virtues. Dinah, the maiden sister of Barrington—sister and housekeeper—sternly provident and careful, once a belle at the Irish Court, and preserving still, under an old maid's primness and severity, the heart of a true woman—is a charming sketch. But it is upon Polly Dill, the Doctor's daughter, that Mr. Lever has lavished his choicest skill. Polly Dill is a girl whom men who see her in the hunting-field would call "fast," for she flies across country like a bird; men who meet her on a visit at a great house in the neighbourhood would say "she is great fun;" but those who know her at home—the stay, and comfort, and treasure of the household—would call her an angel of flesh and blood. This character is put together, if we may so say, by the author with uncommon art; as it appears before us, it is the finished result of numberless minute and delicate touches and gradations of light and shade, made up of many "half-tones," as the characters of living women are—not, like the heroines of the spasmodic school, flawless blocks of marble, or demons with the hair and complexion of hairdressers' dummies.

As a specimen of the playful yet pathetic humour of the author, take the following. Peter Barrington and his sister are leaving the little cottage-home on a foreign tour, to bring back an orphan girl, the Indian grandchild, from a convent in Belgium:—

"The Barringtons are preparing for a journey, and old Peter's wardrobe has been displayed for inspection along a hedge of sweet-briar in the garden—an arrangement devised by the genius of Darby, who passes up and down, with an expression of admiration on his face, the sincerity of which could not be questioned. A more reflective mind than his might have been carried away, at the sight, to thoughts of the strange passages in the late history of Ireland, so curiously typified in that motley display. There was the bright green dress-coat of Daly's club, recalling days of political excitement, and all the plottings and cabals of a once famous opposition. There was, in somewhat faded splendour it must be owned, a court suit of the Duke of Portland's day, when Irish gentlemen were as gorgeous as the courtiers of Versailles. Here came a grand colonel's uniform, when Barrington commanded a regiment of Volunteers; and yonder lay a friar's frock and cowl, relics of those 'attic nights' with the Monks of the Screw, and recalling memories of Avonmore and Curran, and Day and Parsons; and with them were mixed hunting coats, and shooting-jackets, and masonic robes, and 'friendly brother' emblems, and long-waisted garments, and swallow-tailed affectations of all shades and tints—reminders of a time when Buck Whalley was the eccentric, and Lord Llandaff the beau of Irish society. I am not certain that Monmouth-street would have endorsed Darby's sentiment as he said, 'There was clothes there for a king on his throne!' but it was an honestly uttered speech, and came out of the fulness of an admiring heart, and although in truth he was nothing less than an historian, he was forcibly struck by the thought that Ireland must have been a grand country to live in, in those old days, when men

went about their ordinary avocations in such splendour as he saw there.

"Nor was Peter Barrington himself an unmoved spectator of these old remnants of the past. Old garments, like old letters, bring oftentimes very forcible memories of a long ago; and as he turned over the purple-stained flap of a waistcoat, he bethought him of a night at Daly's, when, in returning thanks for his health, his shaking hand had spilled that identical glass of Burgundy; and in the dun-coloured tinge of a hunting-coat he remembered the day he had plunged into the Nore at Corrig O'Neal, himself and the huntsman, alone of all the field, to follow the dogs!

"Take them away, Darby, take them away; they only set me a thinking about the pleasant companions of my early life. It was in that suit there I moved the amendment in '82, when Henry Grattan crossed over and said, 'Barrington will lead us here, as he does in the hunting-field.' Do you see that peach-coloured waistcoat? It was Lady Caher embroidered every stitch of it, with her own hands, for me."

"Them's elegant black satin breeches," said Darby, whose eyes of covetousness were actually rooted on the object of his desire.

"I never wore them," said Barrington, with a sigh. "I got them for a duel with Mat Fortescue, but Sir Toby Blake shot him that morning. Poor Mat!"

"And I suppose you'll never wear them now. You couldn't bear the sight then," said Darby, insinuatingly.

"Most likely not," said Barrington, as he turned away with a heavy sigh. Darby sighed also, but not precisely in the same spirit.

"Let me passingly remark that the total unsuitability to his condition of any object seems rather to enhance its virtue in the eyes of a lower Irishman, and a hat or a coat which he could not, by any possibility, wear in public, might still be to him things to covet and desire."

"What is the meaning of all this rag fair?" cried Miss Barrington, as she suddenly came in front of the exposed wardrobe. "You are not surely making any selections from these tawdry absurdities, brother, for your journey?"

"Well, indeed," said Barrington, with a droll twinkle of his eye, "it was a point that Darby and I were discussing as you came up. Darby opines that to make a suitable impression upon the Continent, I must not despise the assistance of dress, and he inclines much to that Corbeau coat with the cherry-coloured lining."

"If Darby's an ass, brother, I don't imagine it is a good reason to consult him," said she, angrily. "Put all that trash where you found it. Lay out your master's black clothes and the grey shooting-coat, see that his strong boots are in good repair, and get a serviceable lock on that valise."

"It was little short of magic the spell of these few and distinctly uttered words seemed to work on Darby, who at once descended from a realm of speculation and scheming to the commonplace world of duty and obedience."

"I really wonder how you let yourself be imposed on, brother, by the assumed simplicity of that shrewd fellow."

"I like it, Dinah. I positively like it," said he, with a smile. "I watch him playing his game with a pleasure almost as great as his own, and as I know that the stakes are small, I'm never vexed at his winning."

"But you seem to forget the encouragement this impunity suggests."

"Perhaps it does, Dinah; and very likely his little rogueries are as much triumphs to him as are all the great political intrigues the glories of some grand statesman."

"Which means that you rather like to be cheated," said she, scoffingly.

"When the loss is a mere trifle, I don't always think it ill laid out."

"And I," said she, resolutely, "so far from participating in your sentiment, feel it to be an insult and an outrage. There is a sense of inferiority attached to the position of a dupe that would drive me to any reprisals."

"I always said it, I always said it," cried he, laughing. "The women of our family monopolized all the combativeness."

"Miss Barrington's eyes sparkled, and her cheek glowed, and she looked like one stung to the point of a very angry rejoinder, when by an effort she controlled her passion, and taking a letter from her pocket, she opened it, and said, 'This is from Withering. He has managed to obtain all the information we need for our journey. We are to sail for Ostend by the regular packet, two of which go every week from Dover. From thence there are stages, or canal boats, to Bruges and Brussels, cheap and commodious, he says. He gives us the names of two hotels, one of which—the "Lamb," at Brussels—he recommends highly; and the Pension of a certain Madame Ochtereogen, at Namur, will, he opines, suit us better than an inn. In fact, this letter is a little road book, with the expenses marked down, and we can quietly count the cost of our venture before we make it."

"I'd rather not, Dinah. The very thought of a limit is torture to me. Give me bread and water every day, if you like, but don't rob me of the notion that some fine day I'm to be regaled with beef and pudding."

"I don't wonder that we have come to beggary," said she, passionately. "I don't know what fortune and what wealth could compensate for a temperament like yours."

"You may be right, Dinah. It may go far to make a man squander his substance, but take my word for it, it will help him to bear up under the loss."

"If Barrington could have seen the gleam of affection that filled his sister's eyes, he would have felt what love her heart bore him, but he had stooped down to take a caterpillar off a flower, and did not mark it."

SAVONAROLA.*

PROFESSOR VILLARI has done good service to his countrymen, and not to them only, by his fresh, careful study and brilliant life-like portraiture of Frà Girolamo Savonarola. It has been to him a labour of love; and he can hardly fail to reap, in addition to the reward such labour is in itself, the satisfaction of seeing that the world has henceforth not only a truer knowledge, but also a higher admiration, a deeper reverence even, for the man he has delighted to honour. This is a critical age, a sceptical age. We are all set to learn the lesson of inquiry and toleration to an extent beyond what the generations that have gone before us ever dreamed of; and we are in danger of subsiding from a state of agitation and perplexity into a state of indifference and hopelessness. Hardly expecting to see in the society of our own day the manifestation of anything like a religious faith deep and glowing enough to rise into enthusiasm and become contagious; compelled, for a time at least, to content ourselves if here and there we find a man who, in the midst of doubt and dogmatism, and the angry controversies they give rise to, keeps alive in his own soul a spark of that highest life which comes of faith in God, and to which we owe all that in other days has been greatest and best; it will do us no harm to come in contact through history with a man of another temper,—one who, in the midst of a most corrupt and unbelieving age, found it possible to live a spotless life, attained to clear vision of the truth, and, unterrified by threats, unseduced by allurements, boldly spoke what he believed, and finally sealed his testimony with his blood. Such a man was Savonarola. We think the appearance of this "Life" is seasonable, and we commend it as likely to be welcome and refreshing to many who are weary of the strife and debate which have arisen about "Essays and Reviews," and the arithmetical puzzles of a commentator on the Pentateuch.

A life of Savonarola, drawn from original sources and presenting fairly all sides of his character and work, has hitherto been a desideratum in our literature. It would be a very short task to verify by personal search and inquiry the assertion of Signor Villari that "the English have in truth published no work relating to Savonarola at all worthy of a nation so eminently distinguished for writers of history." And as for the Encyclopædies and Biographical Dictionaries from which a large number of readers have to take such notions of great men as they can get, what could we hope for in them under the circumstances but meagre and imperfect accounts of such a man? Juster impressions may be gathered from essays to be found in some of the leading Reviews; among which, one in the *Quarterly Review* (No. XCIX.), attributed to Dean Milman, is deserving of study for its rare combination of a hearty appreciation of what was highest and best in Savonarola with perfect fairness towards his opponents. We notice it as a singular coincidence,—perhaps, not an accidental one,—that at the very time that Mr. Horner gives us this translation, "George Eliot" is making us all familiar with the Florentine prophet and his city and times, by her spirited and pathetic story of "Romola."

Savonarola was born at Ferrara, then governed by the Princes of the House of Este, in September, 1452. He was burnt at Florence, in May, 1498. It will thus be seen that his "times" were times full of great events and greater promise. Printed books had first appeared but a year or two before his birth. Constantinople was captured by the Turks before he was a year old. Learned Greeks took refuge in Italy, and spread there the knowledge of ancient philosophy, history, and poetry. The revival of literature and art began. Geographical discovery enlarged the world and extended commerce. Michael Angelo was born in 1474; Columbus landed on the island of San Salvador in October, 1492; and, what is perhaps of still larger significance than any of these facts, Martin Luther was born in 1483. The lifetime of Savonarola occupies the earlier half of that hundred years which we are accustomed vaguely to speak of as the border-land between the Middle Ages and our modern time. It is to this his peculiar position in time that we must look for the solution of some of the difficult problems which we find in the character, opinions, and performances of the man. He was partly, not wholly, of the past; partly, not wholly, of the future. Like a mountain in the dawn, his head was "sunned long ere the rest of earth;" but like the same mountain, he was still partly in the shadow of the night. And so it has fallen out that the most contradictory opinions have been held respecting him; and while Luther has claimed him as a forerunner in the path of reformation, and Pope Paul III., reading some of his writings flew into a passion and cried out, "This is Martin Luther;" the Roman Church has been almost ready to canonize him, and the Congregation de Propaganda Fide adopted his great work, the "Triumph of the Cross."

One thing is made clear beyond doubt by the labours of Professor Villari; that Savonarola was a man of rare sincerity. From his earliest poems and letters to his latest sermons he speaks but one language, and that the language of truth. The charge of hypocrisy and imposture is henceforth untenable. And in these days we are not likely to see a revival of such views of his character as those of Bayle and Roscoe.

Savonarola was, from first to last, an ascetic. If ever man was born a monk, he was. Very few facts indeed are known of his early life, but we catch glimpses of him, amidst the splendours of a gay and corrupt court, "leading a sad and solitary life; going

about dejected and disconsolate; rarely speaking; wasting in body; praying constantly with much fervour; passing many hours in the churches and observing frequent fastings." He studied with deep earnestness the Bible and the works of Aquinas; he liked music and wrote verses. The title of his first poem, "De Ruinâ Mundi," written at twenty years of age, sounds like the "theme" of which all the strange passages of his life-music were the "variations." Once, indeed, there seemed a possibility for him of a different view of the world; for he fell in love with a fair young daughter of a Florentine exile. It was but

"A sudden spark
Struck vainly in the night."

The girl, full of the pride of birth,—she was of the noble family of the Strozzi,—rejected his offer. In April, 1475, he secretly left home, and entered the Dominican monastery at Bologna. The letter to his father, written the day after his arrival there, is a document of deeply pathetic interest, and of great importance as a key to the whole character and course of his life. No one familiar with the history of the period, with the character of its princes and courts, its popes, priests, and people, will be surprised to read in that letter such sentences as these:—

"The motives by which I have been led to enter into a religious life are these: the great misery of the world; the iniquities of men; the rapes, adulteries, robberies; their pride, idolatry, and fearful blasphemies; so that things have come to such a pass, that no one can be found acting righteously. Many times a day have I repeated with tears the verse,—

"Heu! fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum;
Alas! fly from this cruel land, fly from this greedy shore."

"I could not endure the enormous wickedness of the blinded people of Italy; and the more so, because I saw everywhere virtue despised and vice honoured. A greater sorrow I could not have in this world, and I was thus led to utter a hasty prayer to Jesus Christ, that he would take me out of this sink of infamy."

In the same letter, after speaking of the pain he felt at quitting his family, he adds, "Reflecting that it was God who called me, that he did not disdain to make me, a poor worm, one of his servants, I could not dare to do otherwise than to obey so sweet, so holy a voice, that said to me, *Venite ad me*, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Before that time, the presentiment had already dawned on his mind that he was called of God to some high and extraordinary mission.

After seven years spent at Bologna, and a short stay at Ferrara, where his preaching was nothing thought of, he went to Florence, and entered the famous Convent of St. Mark. The change of scene and society was full of delight and promise. The more attractive scene, the gentler people, the works of art, the more cultivated society, the very traditions of the convent, all combined to foster best and purest hopes. Alas! it did not take many days to show that those hopes were illusions. He found it all otherwise than he would. Few cared to listen to him as a preacher; his own purpose was shaken; but through all, even by means of all, his conviction of his arduous and solemn task divinely put upon him, and his resolve to be faithful to it, became stronger. At last he announced, at San Geminiano, the thought which was thenceforth the chief burden of all his communications,—"*The Church will be scourged and regenerated, and that quickly.*" He preached at Brescia the following year, and produced an extraordinary impression. From that time, all doubt as to his mission vanished from his mind." It was in 1490 that Savonarola was recalled to Florence on the pressing request of Lorenzo de Medici; and in a few months, the church of St. Mark being too small for the crowds that came to hear him, he began to preach in the Duomo. His life thenceforth was a battle. He had not sought it. Like Luther and Cromwell, he loved peace, and would fain have been quiet; but he could not.

It is, of course, impossible for us to pursue here the details of the exciting story. Professor Villari has given us abundant material for arriving at a just appreciation of the conflict and its issues. While announcing firmly, indeed with enthusiasm, his own conclusions, he does not withhold facts which may lead us to question them. His judgment of Lorenzo is very severe, perhaps a shade too much so. Yet we are not sure that even Roscoe, thorough panegyrist as he is of the accomplished tyrant, does not give us facts enough to bear out even a sentence so contrary to his own. The chapter on the philosophy of Savonarola will be read with interest. From a complete examination of all his writings, our author thinks himself warranted to assert that Savonarola "was the first to shake off the yoke of the authority of the ancients in philosophy." He quotes the testimony of Burlamacchi to this effect:—"From his earliest infancy he did not form his opinion of authors from their high reputation, nor did he follow opinions merely because they were in fashion, but kept his eye steadily directed upon truth and reason." Nevertheless, we see that his mind was imbued with the religious philosophy of Aquinas, and was far from being emancipated from the superstitions of the age; so that we do not see any ground for the large claim Professor Villari makes when he asserts that Savonarola "laid the foundation of a new philosophy." His dreams and visions, his fanciful manifold method of interpretation of the Bible, even his persistent, yet confused, belief in his prophetic endowments, are signs of a probably inevitable subjection to prevailing opinions.

* The History of Girolamo Savonarola, and of his Times. By Pasquale Villari, Professor of History in the University of Pisa. Translated by Leonard Horner, F.R.S. Longmans.

But the unquestionable facts are so strange and startling, that if we do not admit the reality of a supernatural communication, we are compelled to own that there is a great difficulty and no satisfactory solution.

In the sermons of Savonarola, from which many passages are quoted, we find wonderful clearness of spiritual insight: scorn, profound as that of Hebrew prophets, for outward show and mere ceremonial in religion; deep and tender human affections and sympathies; terrific denunciations of the vices he saw around him; and earnest persuasions to "holy living" as the only possible basis for the prosperity or stability of a commonwealth. There are in them bursts of fiery eloquence, sometimes Miltonic in strength and splendour. But how can we adequately conceive the effect of them when first heard, in a "voice like thunder," in the densely crowded cathedral? Had Dante been a preacher, he could not have spoken with *intensèr earnestness*. On that memorable day when the news came to Florence that the French were crossing the Alps, and the fulfilment of the preacher's prediction was at hand,—

"The Duomo could scarcely contain the crowd, who, in a state of new and extraordinary excitement, waited with open ears for the voice of the preacher. At length he mounted the pulpit; the attention and silence of the audience were much greater even than usual. After having surveyed the assembled multitude, and seen the extraordinary trepidation that prevailed, he cried with a terrible voice, 'And behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth.' His voice sounded like a clap of thunder in the temple; his words seemed to strike an unusual terror into the mind of everyone. Pico della Mirandola relates that a cold shiver ran through all his bones, and that the hairs of his head stood on end; and Savonarola assures us that he was himself not less moved than his hearers."

The immense authority which Savonarola had acquired as a preacher he was soon called to exercise as a statesman. After the departure of the French he became—not officially, but in reality—head of the State, founder of a new form of government, and author of great social as well as political reforms.

"In a single year the freedom of a whole people had been established; liberty was granted to them to carry arms; the system of taxation had been reformed; usury had been abolished by the Monte di Pietà; a law for a general amnesty had been passed; the administration of justice had been amended; Parliaments were abolished, and the Consiglio Maggiore was established, to which the affection of the people of Florence continued more steadfastly attached than it had ever been to any other of their political institutions."

And all this, adds our author, "without a sword having been drawn, without a drop of blood having been shed, without a single civic riot; and that too in Florence, the city of tumults." The social changes which took place at the same time are thus depicted:—

"The appearance of the city was totally changed. The women gave up their rich ornaments, dressed with simplicity, and walked demurely; licentious young men became, as if by enchantment, modest and religious; instead of Carnival songs, religious hymns were chanted. During the hours of mid-day rest, tradesmen were seen seated in their shops reading the Bible or some work of the friar; habits of prayer were resumed, the churches were well attended, and alms were freely given. But the most wonderful thing of all was to find bankers and merchants refunding, from scruples of conscience, sums of money, amounting sometimes to thousands of florins, which they had unrighteously acquired."

But this change, so far forth as it seemed to be a moral and religious one, was "forced and ephemeral." The preacher alone was "profoundly religious," and the people, as soon as they ceased to hear him, went back to their gaieties, their vices, and their indifference. A mournful story: substantially a rehearsal of what took place in England during and after the days of Puritan rule.

But the fifth act of the tragedy was rapidly proceeding. Savonarola disobeyed the Pope; he spoke daringly of the supremacy of charity; he was proof against bland invitations; refused a cardinal's hat; hinted at a general council; and continued to preach even after the publication of the excommunication by Alexander Borgia. The Pope was bent on his destruction. Piero de Medici was at Rome, hoping and intriguing for a return to Florence. And if the Pope's hatred of the friar needed any spur, Mariano da Gennazzano, the disappointed rival of Savonarola, was at his side. The signory of Florence, hostile to the preacher, at last yielded to a menacing brief from the Pope, and silenced him. This was in March, 1498. Then followed the famous "ordeal by fire," on which our author has thrown new light; the attack on the Convent of St. Mark; the capture and imprisonment of Savonarola and two of his friends and followers; their examinations with repeated applications of torture; their condemnation and execution. They were hung, and then burnt, in the Piazza at Florence, on the morning of the 23rd May, 1498.

Signor Villari rejects with something like scorn the notion of a dogmatic agreement between his hero and Martin Luther. We do not care, in this place, to discuss religious dogmas; but we cannot help suggesting the possibility that the confessed failure of the religious teaching of Savonarola, the traceable results of which did not extend beyond the narrowest local limits and the short lifetime of the man himself, may have been owing to some defect, to the want of a truth which he did not grasp with clear consciousness, or with distinct utterance proclaim. And, on the other hand, that the world-wide extension of the movement of which Luther was the recognized head, and the permanence and still proceeding develop-

ment of its results, may have been owing to the power of just that word of truth, which was missing or obscure in the teaching of Savonarola.

We need only add that the translation, as far as respects language and style, is excellent,—good, unaffected English; and as to accuracy, if we needed any further guarantee than the name of the translator, we have it in the approval of the author, to whom it was submitted before publication. The explanatory index of Italian terms not translated in the body of the work will be found useful. A general index is wanted.

M. CHEVALIER AND MR. MACLEOD ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

THERE is a certain kind of writer who infests the precincts of scientific questions. His most prominent characteristic may be defined as a tendency to rush in where angels fear to tread. Most men, when they are puzzled by the first principles of a science, attribute their bewilderment to their own slowness of comprehension. They take for granted that they are wrong, and never think of announcing as a matter of self-congratulation that they can't see the truth of the first law of motion, or are unable to perceive that two and two make four. But this is by no means the case with everybody. There are men who, when they fall into one of the preliminary fallacies that most people contrive to struggle through successfully, announce their own misty guesses as magnificent scientific conceptions. They declare complacently that they have squared the circle or discovered perpetual motion. So long as they confine themselves to such questions as these,—to showing that Sir Isaac Newton did not understand mathematics, or that the Astronomer Royal knows nothing about the shape of the earth—they are comparatively harmless. They may be safely left to knock their heads against facts till they have found out which are the hardest. But when they intrude into more unsettled subjects of inquiry, they are more annoying, because they have a greater chance of passing themselves off as philosophers. There are, for example, many educated men who do not at once see that Mr. Ruskin has as much right to talk about political economy, as he has to lay down the law about the language of the Choctaws. They do not perceive the absurdity of his dogmatic assertion that Mr. Mill has fallen into a transparent fallacy on one of the most frequently debated points of political economy, when, of course, the real fallacy is exactly that into which Mr. Ruskin has fallen, in common with every beginner of the science. A man who has been just plucked for his degree frequently finds that his opinions differ from those of the examiners; it requires rare moral courage to get up and preach them as new and wonderful discoveries.

When we first looked into the pamphlet by Mr. Macleod whose title we have quoted, we confess that we mentally put him down as a fit antagonist for Mr. Ruskin. He had, we thought, read a good deal more, but showed inferior natural acuteness; he made just as great blunders, but in an opposite direction; as to real ignorance and self-assumed fitness to deal with the subject, they were about on a level. Under the circumstances, they would both probably be most quickly extinguished by being left alone. Such was our first impression; perhaps it has not been much modified. We were, however, astonished to find that Mr. Macleod claimed a high authority to support him. M. Chevalier had, it appears, made a favourable report on his system to the Imperial Institute of France. The second pamphlet, whose name is given above, contains the substance of this report. We shall see presently how far it goes. Meanwhile, the fact that a gentleman of M. Chevalier's reputation has approved of Mr. Macleod's works to some extent, makes it necessary to do what we should otherwise have thought singularly unnecessary, viz., to give them a moment's serious consideration.

Before remarking, however, upon the economical principles which Mr. Macleod conceives himself to have discovered, and to which M. Chevalier has given his sanction, we will quote a few short specimens of Mr. Macleod's philosophical style. Perhaps our readers will be able to form from them some estimate of the calibre of mind of a gentleman who contemptuously refutes the fallacies that imposed upon the weak intellects of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Say, and John Stuart Mill. He may, perhaps, as M. Chevalier says, have illimitable patience and the learning of a Benedictine. He may be "an athlete in the midst of vigorous antagonists." But what we particularly admire is the clearness and precision of his thought and powers of expression. Mr. Macleod is kind enough to tell us that to understand "economics," a knowledge of law, commerce, and physical science is indispensably necessary. To this we must apparently add a knowledge of mathematics, and of Mr. Macleod's profound acquaintance with this science, no one will be able to doubt after reading what follows:—

"Mathematical science" (he says) "extends its dominion over three distinct classes of subjects.

"First, the science of pure number, which is called arithmetic.

"Second, the theory of dependent quantities, &c. . . .

"And the third class of subjects is that of independent quantities or unconnected events, which is the theory of probabilities."

Further, he is kind enough to tell us,—

"The great universal theory of dependent quantities must be abso-

* On the Definition and Nature of Political Economy. By Henry Dunning Macleod, Esq.
M. Michel Chevalier on Mr. H. D. Macleod's works. Reprinted from the *Journal des Economistes*. Macmillan & Co., Cambridge.

lately universal. The great general theory of variable quantities in general must of necessity comprehend all orders whatever of variable quantities."

These be brave words; we especially admire "the great general theory of variable quantities in general;" it conveys a precise and intelligible idea; but the conclusions to which Mr. Macleod is led by applying his mathematics to political economy, are the points to which we wish to draw particular attention. The beautiful exordium, with its philosophical grandeur, will introduce us fittingly to the following plain practical conclusions.

According to Mr. Macleod, if we take up any book of algebra, we find "that money is a positive quantity and debt a negative quantity"—(we never did, but that does not matter). "I wish now," he says, "to ask this question,—What can be the meaning of a NEGATIVE Economic Quantity?" And he does ask the question with a vengeance.

"The funds," he says, "are negative economic quantities, and what are they subtracted from? The whole system of credit consists in creating debts . . . And what, I ask, is it to be subtracted from? The whole system of banking consists in buying money and debts, that is positive and negative quantities, by creating other debts which are negative quantities, and what are they to be subtracted from? Each of these quantities may be bought and sold. . . . Algebraists tell us they are negative quantities. And what are they to be subtracted from?"

What, indeed? There is a well-known legend of a senior wrangler, who was persecuted by a horrid dream. He had inadvertently got under the sign of a square root. Not being a perfect square, he naturally found it difficult to get out again. The best mathematicians of Europe were sent for and failed miserably. The wretched man remained a hopeless surd. Such, we imagine, is Mr. Macleod's fate in his dreams. He becomes unexpectedly affected by a negative sign, and runs hopelessly up and down asking whom he is to be subtracted from?

The fact is that, in Mr. Macleod's opinion, there exists a strange entity of some kind called a NEGATIVE Economic Quantity. If mathematicians could run the thing down, and find out what it was, they would be able to confer some great but unexplained benefit upon Political Economy. He says that in requesting them to do this he is giving them "a fair scientific challenge, and one, moreover, of the highest possible importance." We need only say that the article in question probably is to be found in a mare's nest; and that the whole of Mr. Macleod's observations are merely a case of the use of very tall talk about science by a man who is incapable of attaching to his big words any definite scientific meaning whatever. We have merely quoted his expressions to give some measure of the powers of mind of the political economist whom M. Chevalier delights to honour.

We must, however, say, in justice to M. Chevalier, that he does not seem to have seen these particular lucubrations. The opinions of Mr. Macleod of which he expresses his approval are not, on the face of them, absurd, partly, perhaps, because they are not entirely peculiar to Mr. Macleod himself. M. Chevalier's account of them is, we ought to say, drawn, not from the pamphlet which we have been quoting, but from two works by the same author, "The Elements" and "The Dictionary of Political Economy." He is not, therefore, to be taken as approving the undiluted nonsense which we have just been quoting. We will state very shortly the opinions which he does approve, and give our own view of their value.

The first position maintained by Mr. Macleod is this: that whereas Mr. Mill and others following M. Say define political economy to be the science which treats of the production, consumption, and distribution of wealth (a grossly inaccurate statement, by the way, of Mr. Mill's real assertions), it ought rather to be defined, as has been done amongst others, by Archbishop Whately, as the science of exchanges or of value. This is, of course, a fair subject for discussion. The suggestion is not, and does not profess to be new. We cannot say as much for the arguments by which it is supported. M. Chevalier attacks the definition of Say on this ground: that many states of society may be conceived, and, as in the case of the Arabian tribes, have actually existed, in which production, consumption, and distribution of wealth might all take place, and yet exchange of wealth be unknown. We have no difficulty in granting this, especially as it appears to us to be the very argument which completely upsets the rival definition. If M. Chevalier proved that when the patriarchs in the desert were unacquainted with exchange of wealth, political economy had no function to perform, he would complete his argument. But the exact opposite is true. The state of society was, no doubt, rude in the extreme; but many of the laws of political economy would still undoubtedly apply. Those which refer to population, to capital, and even to wages and profits, might be just as applicable in the time of Abraham as in the time of Louis Napoleon. There would, in fact, be in existence just one of those simple states of society which political economists now have to create in imagination, in order to avoid the complications which render their investigations so difficult to follow out in the modern world. Hence M. Chevalier's very first blow cuts away his friend's standing-ground, and he follows up this judicious assistance by risking a definition which we do not understand, but which certainly seems to diverge more from Mr. Macleod's theory than from that of his opponents. He says that "the pivot of political economy is the notion of the productive power of the individual in labour, it being well understood that this productive power is measured by the quantity and quality of products created or services rendered in

a given time." We leave Mr. Macleod to find out what this means and how it supports his pet notion that political economy is the science of exchanges. We will only add that M. Chevalier gives as an alternative definition that the object of political economy is to indicate what is necessary in order that different industries may be really free. As this definition seems to us to be hopelessly different from the other, and to have just as little to do with any intelligible view of political economy, we will content ourselves with simply quoting it.

It is generally supposed, however, that, after all, definitions are of trifling importance. We will only ask such sceptics to follow out Mr. Macleod's argument. Political economy, he says, is a physical science. As such, "it is some great body of phenomena all based upon some single conception or quality of the most general nature" (!) This "conception or quality" is, we infer, value. "We find a distinct order of quantities having the common property of exchangeability. We find that we have a new order of variable quantities, and we can at once say that the general theory of exchangeable quantities must be brought into harmony with the great general theory of variable quantities in general." Hence (the inference is of course simple in the extreme), it follows, after a few more equally perspicuous sentences, that "it is essential that there should be but one cause of value." This is perhaps the most beautiful specimen of logic in the book. As far as we can guess at the meaning of it, it would be paralleled by this. Dynamics is a physical science; it treats of various materials having the common property of being in motion. Hence, omitting the sentences about the great general theory of variable quantities in general, which add only to the picturesque effect of the style, there can be only one cause of motion, and it would be utterly contrary to the principles of inductive logic to say that one carriage was moved by the action of heat and another by the force of gravitation. Mr. Macleod, in fact, is unable to see that if value has two causes, no definitions in the world can make it have one. It may be added that in the sense in which he understands it, political economists do not in fact say that value has two causes.

We will only mention one other point. M. Chevalier quotes and approves, as a philosophical statement, Mr. Macleod's dictum that credit is capital,—the meaning of which may be simply stated thus: if A has £1,000 and A owes B £1,000, A and B have £2,000 worth of capital between them. M. Chevalier quotes a very sensible remark by M. J. B. Say to the effect that a thing cannot be in two places at once, but only to add, that it may be doubted whether reasonings which may have held good in a primitive state of commerce, can be applicable in our days. The argument which M. Chevalier actually brings forward is worth mentioning as an example of a kind of reasoning which tends to obscure all the arguments of political economy. "Credit," he says, "discharges many of the functions of capital. For example, a man with credit for £1,000 may raise the price of the goods he wishes to purchase as much as if he had 1,000 sovereigns." Hence, credit is capital.

Now, all that M. Chevalier urges as to the effect of credit has been pointed out constantly by every political economist of repute. But the leap from the premises to the conclusion is most startling. A precise parallel would be this. The introduction of steam has, in many places, produced just the same effect as an increase of food would have done. It has brought more corn to particular places, and distributed a great deal of corn that would otherwise have been wasted. That is, the improvement caused by steam has been just the same, in some respects, as an improvement caused by the increase of food. Therefore, steam is food. The advantage of credit is very analogous to the advantage of steam. It enables capital to be made much more effective than formerly in aiding production. But to say that it therefore is capital, is simply absurd. Mr. Macleod maintains similar propositions in his pamphlet on grounds less rational, if possible, than this.

We have noticed these theories simply because M. Chevalier's name is one that carries great weight; we are sincerely sorry that he should have used it in support of such a cause. At the same time, it only confirms our impression that, although it would be difficult to exaggerate the services which M. Chevalier has rendered to free trade and the advancement of commerce in France, it would be very easy to exaggerate the services which he has rendered to the purely scientific part of political economy.

SHORT NOTICES.

MR. GEORGE DANIEL is one of those men who, in the midst of the most unpoetic pursuits, preserve an earnest sympathy with all that is poetical. He has even at times turned his hand from the work of an accountant to the building of rhymes, and there are some pleasing samples of his poetical powers at the end of this volume,* notable for their healthy expression of a strong religious reverence. The rest of the book is occupied by a series of miscellaneous articles, in which Mr. Daniel gives us his recollections of Charles Lamb, Mrs. Siddons, and John Kemble; a defence of Dr. Johnson against what Mr. Daniel considers the too severe judgment of Lord Macaulay; a paper on "the presumed disinterment of Milton;" and several other gossiping articles, which make pleasant reading. We have perused with particular interest

* *Love's Last Labour Not Lost*. By George Daniel, Author of "Merrie England in the Olden Time," &c. &c. Pickering.

the recollections of Lamb, from which, lengthy as it is, we must make the following extract:—

"In the autumn of 1823, after dining at Colebrooke Cottage with him and Robert Bloomfield, I accompanied the two poets to the celebrated 'Queen Elizabeth's Walk' at Stoke Newington, which had become Lamb's favourite promenade in summer for its wild flowers, upon which he could never tread with indifference, for its seclusion and its shade. He would watch the setting sun from the top of old Canonbury Tower, and sit contemplating the starry heavens (for he was a disciple of Plato, the great Apostle of the Beautiful!) until the cold night air warned him to retire. He was hand and glove with Goodman Symes, the then tenant of this venerable tower, and a brother antiquary in a small way, who took pleasure in entertaining him in the oak-panelled chamber where Goldsmith wrote his 'Traveller,' and supped on butter-milk, pointing at the same time to a small coloured portrait of Shakespeare in a curiously carved gilt frame, which Lamb would look at lovingly, and which, through the kindness of a late friend, has since become mine. He was never weary of toiling up and down the steep, winding, narrow stairs of this suburban pile, and peeping into its sly corners and cupboards, as if he expected to discover there some hitherto hidden clue to its mysterious origin! The ancient hostelry of Islington and its vicinity he also visited. At the 'Old Queen's Head' he puffed his pipe, and quaffed his ale out of the huge tankard presented by a certain festive Master Cranch, of a Bonifacial aspect and hue, to a former host in the 'Old Oak' parlour, where, according to tradition, Sir Walter Raleigh received full souse in his face the humming contents of a jolly Black Jack from an affrighted clown who, seeing clouds of tobacco-smoke curling from the knight's nostrils and mouth, thought he was all on fire! It was here that he chanced to fall in with that obese and burly figure of fun, Theodore Hook, who came to take a last look at this historical relic before it was pulled down. Hook accompanied him to Colebrooke Cottage, which was hard by. During the evening Lamb (lightsome and lissom) proposed a race round the garden; but Hook (*à cochon à l'engrais*, puffy and puffy), with a nose as radiant as the red-hot poker in a pantomime, and whose gait was like the hobblings of a fat goose attempting to fly) declined the contest, remarking that he could outrun nobody but 'the constable.' In the 'Sir Hugh Myddleton's Head' 'Elia' would often introduce his own, for there he would be sure to find, from its proximity to Sadler's Wells, some play-going old crony with whom he could exchange a convivial 'crack,' and hear the celebrated Joe Grimaldi call for his 'namesake' (a tumbler!) of 'sweet and pretty' (rum punch!), challenging Boniface to bring it to a 'rummer!' Many a gleeful hour has he spent in this once rural hostelry (since razed and rebuilt) in fumigation and fun. Though now a retired 'country gentleman,' luxuriating in the Persian's paradise, 'something to see and nothing to do,' he occasionally enjoyed the amusements of the town. He had always been a great sight-seer (as early as 1802 he piloted the Wordsworths through Bartlemy Fair), and the ruling passion still followed him to his Islingtonian Tusculum. 'One who patronizes,' said he, 'as I do, St. Bartlemy, must have a kindred inkling for my Lord Mayor's Show. They both possess the charm of antiquity.' Profanely speaking, I fear he rather preferred the Smithfield Saturnalia; not that he loved the curule chair and its mayor, the men in armour, the city coach, the broad banners and broad faces, the turtle and venison of London's corporation less, but that he loved dwarfs, giants, penny-trumpets, posture-masters, and learned pigs more; to say nothing of those savoury and sable attractions, the fried sausages (not ambrosial fare!) and the little sweeps! He had a quick ear and a quick step for Punch and Judy, preluded by the eternal Pandean pipes and drum; and it was not until Punch, with commendable ferocity, had perpetrated all his traditional extravagances, and was left crowing and cacchinating solus on the scene, that he was to be coerced or coaxed away. Many a penny he has paid for a peep into a puppet-show, and after his final retirement to Edmonton in the spring of 1833, he, in my company, revisited its fair in the September following and renewed old acquaintanceship with the clowns and conjurers."

The Rev. Mr. Vanderkiste possesses the secret, not only of book-making, but of performing that task agreeably to his readers, in a degree not often to be met with. In this volume* he professes to give his "personal narrative of starvation and Providence in the Australian mountain regions," where he was lost for six days, during which period he was without food or shelter, and for four days and nights was exposed to heavy rains. But any one who expects to find an interesting account of his wanderings during that time will be disappointed. His only wanderings, indeed, are from his subject; for of his sufferings, his shifts, his hopes, fears, perils, and efforts, the book contains the veriest modicum. The 357 pages which compose it are mainly filled with odds and ends of anything and everything; glimpses of Australian scenery and Australian life, anecdotes of settlers and aborigines, and stories about snakes, bushmen, pious people and drunken people. As he exhausts each of his topics, which he quickly does, he flies off to something else utterly unconnected with it; to Rowland Hill and his horse, to Dr. Wolff at Bokhara, to his reminiscences of London life,—to anything, in short, which will add another page or paragraph to his book. But we read and are pleased. If religious reflections are too often forced neck and crop into the narrative, sometimes very absurdly, and even childishly, the peg on which it is hung is, apart from its abuse, a good peg. The book, indeed, is full of interesting facts; and here and there we light upon some vivid pictures. The home of the flying-fox is one of these:—

"On the left of Clarence Town, whilst journeying towards Dungog, lies Oakendale, the seat of the Holmeses, a leading family of the district; and bordering Oakendale is an amazing scene known as the

home of the flying-foxes—a colonial name for the great Papuan vampire bat. Let the reader picture an enormous bowl. Let him stand on its grassy edge, and gaze down into the huge green gulf. All before him, all beneath him, all around him, on every side,—depth, height, breadth, all,—are trees, trees, trees—one vast arboretum. Gum-trees prevail—red gum, white gum, blue gum. Just on the borders of the hollow is a beautiful skirting of grass-trees. This shrub consists of a thick black stem; over this a boss of long grass, and a few stout towering bulrushes rising from the centre—wild-looking and picturesque in the extreme. The flying-foxes, the great Papuan vampire bat, have their home everywhere in this abyss. They hang, literally, far thicker on every side, on every branch of every tree, than grapes on a fruitful vine. Were they not extremely light, notwithstanding their size, the trees could never bear their weight; indeed, boughs often do break down. To speak of thousands or of tens of thousands of huge vampire bats would be the very feebleness of language, so far as any attempt to calculate them is concerned. My companions on the visit were of the same opinion, and we literally moved, and seconded, and carried unanimously, amid some merriment, on the edge of the gulf, a resolution to use the term 'myriads of myriads' in speaking of the tenants of this solitary den. Whilst we sat near the edge of the gulf to sketch, our companions descended into it, and stirred up the inmates. The air became thick with them, like the locusts of Joel, 'an exceeding great army.' The noise of their loud, flapping wings was like distant thunder, their voices commingling in strange chorus."

As an instance of Mr. Vanderkiste's idiosyncrasy, we may mention that he cannot even allow the flying-foxes to flap their wings without making them a pivot for some trite remarks upon the redemption of mankind; and later on in his book he proves the irreligiousness of dancing by observing, amongst other arguments, that "a dance cost John the Baptist his head."

Dr. James Hunt inherits an interest in the subject of stammering and stuttering. His father before him obtained celebrity by his treatment of these defects; and the son brings to his task the experience which has been handed down to him as well as his own. It would seem, at first sight, that a book on the defects of utterance must be as dry as the difficulties it treats of are unpleasant. But this is not the case. Those who suffer from these defects will be surprised, on reading Dr. Hunt's work,* to find how interesting is the subject of which they are the living illustrations. But they will find more than this: many valuable hints, to wit, for the cure of their infirmity. We quite agree with Dr. Hunt, however, in the opinion that the cure must be applied by a skilled hand. It is still harder to treat ailments of this kind by following written instructions than it is for a patient suffering under any of the common diseases of the body to become his own physician by reading a work upon consumption, or heart disease. Dr. Hunt dedicates his book to his pupils, or, as we might call them, patients; and he is confident in the possibility of at least modifying impediments of speech, which he holds to be as amenable to treatment as other disorders of the human frame. In fact, there can be no reason why they should not be so, for they are disorders of the human frame, not, as ignorant people, educated and uneducated, persist in thinking them, incurable defects. The book deserves all praise. It is valuable for its thorough and learned investigation of an important though neglected subject; and parents especially should take warning from it to cope with impediments of speech in their children before time has rooted and confirmed them.

Mr. Edwin Hodder has recorded his experiences of New Zealand life in a lively book,† which has reached its second edition. The author tried his hand as a gold-digger while in the colony, and the narrative of his efforts and successes is very amusing. After six weeks he returned to Nelson, worn out with fatigue, clothes torn and tattered, and money spent, the whole of his winnings amounting to two shillings and three pence. The moral he draws from his efforts in this line is, that city clerks are not cut out for gold-diggers. At Aorere, the nearest port to the diggings, he passed his first night in a Maori pah.

"The party in the wharri, or hut, consisted of about twenty natives (men, women, and children), who manifested great delight at receiving a visitor, and examined my watch, chain, and other articles of dress, with very pleasurable, and, as I thought at the time, covetous looks. Five of the number only were able to speak a few words of English, consequently our conversation was not very edifying, though particularly animated, as the gestures used to express the thoughts were most extravagant. They gave me some dried fish for supper, with a very unwholesome-tasting bread, which had been baked in the ashes, and was too gritty to be eaten without great caution, and dried manuka leaves boiled in water to represent tea, which, however, reminded me in every way of senna. After supper, we all sat round the fire and smoked our pipes, the native men and women being equally inveterate smokers, and all joining heartily in the common luxury. The fire was in a hole on the ground in the middle of the hut, a small aperture in the roof serving as a chimney; but which failed to convey one-twentieth part of the smoke away, and made the room almost suffocating. The night advancing, I made known my wish to go to bed, and had a table pointed out to me where I might make my bed for the night. I was amused with the accommodation for the remainder of the party. On the shelf, over my head, three or four children were stowed away; under the table on which I lay, the chief and his waeni (wife) made their bed on some loose fern; while the others wrapped themselves round in their blue and red blankets, and laid down upon the bare ground by the fire. It was some time before

* Stammering and Stuttering: their Nature and Treatment. By James Hunt, Ph. D., &c. Fifth edition. Longmans.

† Memories of New Zealand Life. By Edwin Hodder. Second edition. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.

* Lost, But Not for Ever. By the Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste. James Nisbet & Co.

I went to sleep; the place was swarming with fleas and mosquitoes, which bit me unmercifully; and I did not feel particularly safe about my money and little valuables, which I thought some of the party might like to appropriate. I therefore put them in my socks, as the most unlikely place to be sought, and at last fell off into a good doze. This distrust arose from my ignorance of their character, which I have since proved to be strictly honest.

"Waking up in the night, a strange sight presented itself. The fire was still burning, casting its flickering light over the hideous tattooed faces of the sleeping natives, as they lay in various postures on the ground. One old man in particular, who was wrapped in a red blanket tied round the body with flax, seemed the most frightful specimen of humanity I had ever seen. His face and arms were tattooed and painted so as hardly to exhibit a piece of plain flesh; his steel-grey hair was long and matted, hanging down on his shoulders; and his ears were decorated with rows of sharks' teeth and green stones.

"At five o'clock next morning I was awakened by the shouting of the natives, who were all astir, and who have a custom of breaking the silence of the morning with the most unearthly vocal salutations. Having a long journey before me, I was regaled at breakfast with something substantial—a bird of the parrot kind, called a ka-ka. The method of cooking it was almost sufficient to have satisfied my appetite. Without divesting it of the feathers, it was rolled in some moist clay, and then patted round so as thoroughly to encase it; then it was put into the fire, and, when the clay had become red hot, the case was broken, and out came the bird, cooked and ready for eating, the clay retaining most of the feathers."

The work is well worth reading, and it will comfort emigrants to learn that amongst the few natives who retain a hankering after cannibalism, there is an unconquerable objection to the white man, on the score that the large quantities of salt he consumes permeate his system, and render him unpalatable. While on the subject of New Zealand, we may mention that Messrs. Trübner & Co. have published a book on the Maori language,* which will be found useful to emigrants.

The International Exhibition has furnished Mr. John Timbs with a fruitful subject for his industrious pen, and he has made good use of it in the book before us.† All that any one can reasonably wish to remember about the last Exhibition, and far more than one out of a thousand is likely to remember, will be found in Mr. Timbs' volume. But while it is valuable in this sense, it will also be found useful as a book of reference; for which purpose the author has added a sufficient index. The book is one of the most useful of Mr. Timbs' many meritorious productions.

Of new editions, there are three before us which are more particularly worthy of attention. First come the Poems of Coleridge,‡ in the present edition of which are some pieces printed now for the first time. Next we have Miss Evans's "Mill on the Floss,"§ which has already stood the fire of criticism, and, if not quite the equal of "Adam Bede," is a story which only Miss Evans could have written. Thirdly, under the general title "After Dark,"|| Mr. Wilkie Collins has strung together some fugitive pieces, principally reprinted from "Household Words." They are interesting for their own sakes; but of course especially because we trace in them the development of a mind which has attained such a hold of public attention by the far more important works that have followed them.

Gardening is in season, and those who wish to know what they should do with their kitchen-gardens, fruit-gardens, and flower-gardens, will find ample instructions in the "Garden Manual."¶ This useful guide is now in its seventh edition, "revised and corrected," and, voluminous as it is, may be purchased for eighteen pence.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 6TH APRIL, 1863.

ENTOMOLOGICAL—At 7 P.M.

MEDICAL—At 8½ P.M.

GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION—At 7 P.M. "Observations on Ammonites and on the Group of Molluscan Animals." By E. Charlesworth, F.G.S.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 2 P.M. Monthly Meeting.

TUESDAY, 7TH APRIL.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—No meeting.

PHOTOGRAPHIC—At 8 P.M.

PATHOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL—At 7½ P.M. 1. "On the Microcephalic Brain of a Female Idiot." By R. T. Gore, Esq. 2. "On the Permanence of Type." By Dr. Julius Schwarcz.

* First Lessons in the Maori Language. With a short Vocabulary. By W. L. Williams, B.A. Trübner & Co.

† The Industry, Science, and Art of the Age, or the International Exhibition of 1862, popularly described, from its Origin to its Close. By John Timbs, F.S.A. Lockwood & Co.

‡ The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; edited by Derwent and Sara Coleridge, with an Appendix. A new edition. Edward Moxon.

§ The Mill on the Floss. By George Eliot. Longmans.

|| After Dark. By Wilkie Collins. Illustrated. Smith & Elder.

¶ The Garden Manual. By the Editors and Contributors of the *Journal of Horticulture*. Office of the Journal.

WEDNESDAY, 8TH APRIL.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On a Discovery made at the Priory of St. John the Baptist, Holywell, Shoreditch." By Mr. Charles Long. 2. "On Queen Eleanor's Cross at Northampton." 3. "On a Holy Sepulchre, Glastonbury Abbey." By Mr. Syer Cumming.

MICROSCOPICAL—At 8 P.M.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M. "On the Sewing Machine; its History and Progress." By Edwin P. Alexander.

GRAPHIC—At 8 P.M.

FRIDAY, 10TH APRIL.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE—At 4 P.M.

ASTRONOMICAL—At 8 P.M.

LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Economic Botany." By Professor Bentley.

SATURDAY, 11TH APRIL.

BOTANIC—At 3½ P.M.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Baker's (J. G.) North Yorkshire: its Botany, Geology, &c. 8vo., 15s. Bates' (H. W.) The Naturalist on the River Amazon. Two vols. Post 8vo., 28s.

Baynes' (Rev. R. H.) The Canterbury Hymnal. 24mo., cloth, red edges, 1s. 6d.

Common paper edition. 24mo., cloth, 1s.

Beale's (Lionel J.) The Stomach: Medically and Morally considered. Fcap., sewed, 1s.

Brigantine (The): a Story of the Sea. Two vols. Post 8vo., 21s.

Cassell's Popular Natural History. Complete in Two vols. 4to., 30s.

Day's (C. F. S.) Common Law Procedure Acts. Second edition. Royal 12mo., 15s.

Diary of a Secretary of Legation at the Court of Peter the Great. Two vols. Post 8vo., 21s.

Dufferin's (Lady) Lisplings from Low Latitudes. Oblong 4to., half-bound, 21s.

Gibson's (Dr. J.) Present Truths in Theology. Two vols. 8vo., 21s.

Grace of Glenholme. By Wm. Platt. Three vols. Post 8vo., 31s. 6d.

Greswell's (Dr. E.) The Objections of Bishop Colenso shown to be Unfounded. 8vo., 5s.

Hall's (S. W.) Law of Impersonation, as applied to Abstract Ideas. Third edition. Fcap., 4s. 6d.

Heroes, Philosophers, and Courtiers of the Time of Louis XVI. Two vols. Post 8vo., 21s.

Heywood's (B. A.) Vacation Tour at the Antipodes in 1861-62. Post 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Hirst's (T.) Hymns, Dialogues, and Addresses. New edition, complete. 18mo., 2s. 6d.

Jameson's (Rev. F. J.) Life-work; its Preparation and Retrospect. Fcap., 1s. 6d.

(Mrs.) Legends of the Monastic Orders. Third edit. 8vo., 21s.

Jessy's Wedding-ring, and other Poems. Crown 8vo., 5s.

Kaye's (Rev. W. F. J.) Funeral Sermon on Rev. H. K. Bonney. Fcap., sewed, 6d.

Kennedy's (J.) First Grade Free-hand Drawing-book. 16mo., 2s., in packet.

Kinglake's (A. W.) Invasion of the Crimea. Third edition. Two vols. 8vo., 32s.

Kühner's (Dr. R.) Elementary Greek Grammar. Translated by S. H. Taylor. New edition. Crown 8vo., half-bound, 6s.

Lectures before the Young Men's Christian Association, 1862-63. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s.

Liebig's (J.) Natural Laws of Husbandry. Translated by Dr. J. Blyth. 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Loure's (Jacob) Grammar of English Grammars. Fcap., 3s. 6d.

Macmillan's Magazine. Vol. VII. 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

Malcolm's Genealogical Tree of the Royal Family of Great Britain. Folded, 2s. 6d.

Old Commodore (The). By the Author of "Rattlin the Reefer." Fcap., sewed, 1s.

Phear's (J. B.) Elementary Hydrostatics. Third edit. Crown 8vo., 5s. 6d.

Princess (The) of Wales: her People and Country, Religion and Marriage. Fcap., sewed, 1s.

Punch (Reissue). Vol. XXVI. 4to., boards, 5s.

Punshon's (Rev. W. M.) Life Thoughts. 32mo., 1s. 6d.

Roba di Roma. By W. W. Storey. Second edition. Two vols., post 8vo., 21s.

Ruble's (C.) French Examination Papers. 8vo., 5s.

Scott's (Sir W.) Waverley Novels. Cheap edition. Vol. XVI. Quentin Derward. Fcap., sewed, 1s.

Sherman (Rev. James), Memoir of. By Rev. H. Allon. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.

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